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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

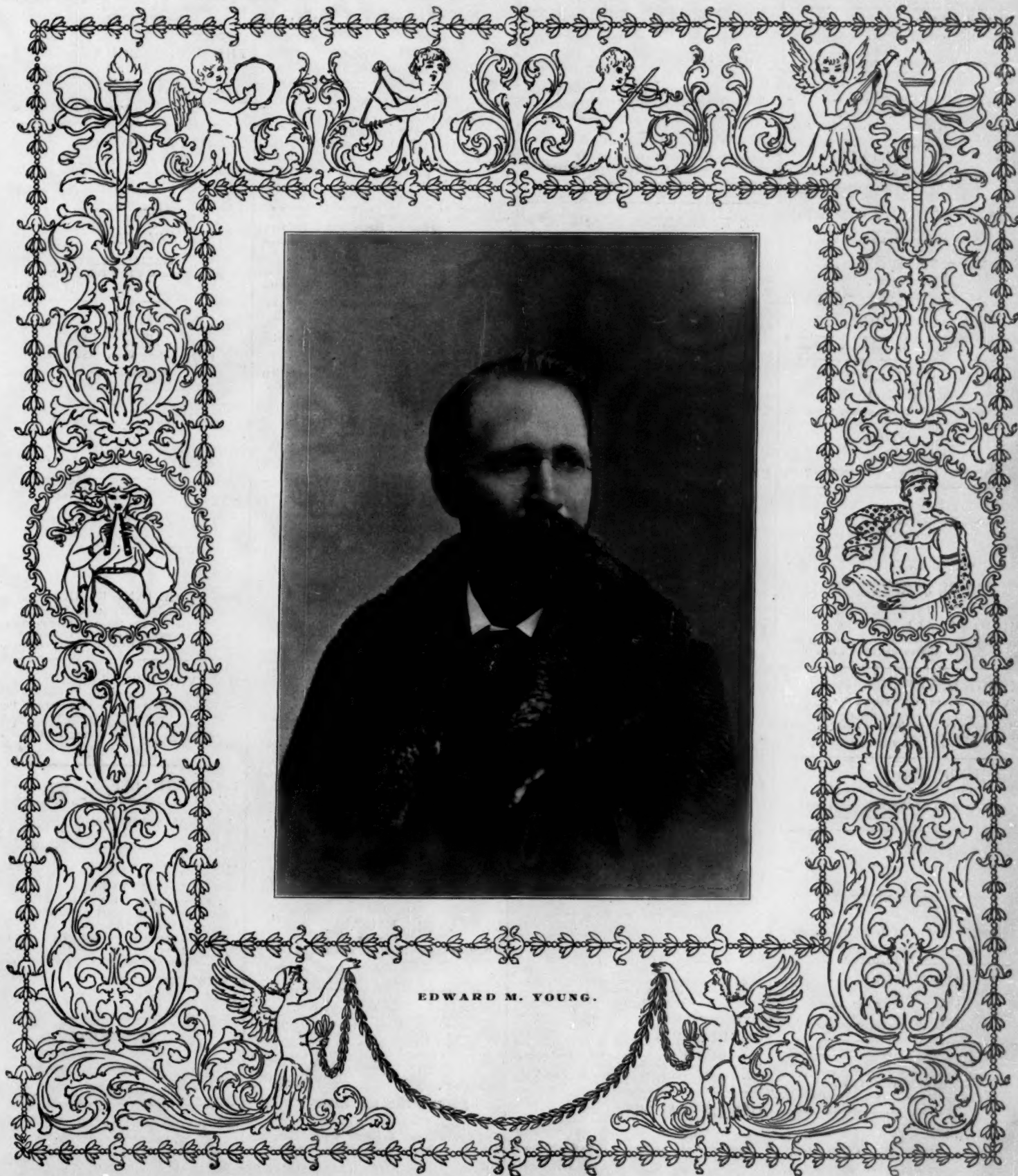
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Price, 10 Cents. Subscription, \$4.00. Foreign, \$5.00—Annually.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 21.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 846.



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GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, April 28, 1896.

THE long deferred début of our American tenor William Lavin at the Berlin Royal Opera House took place a week ago to day, on April 21, in the part of *Edgardo*, in Donizetti's time-worn opera *Lucia*. It was not the rôle originally intended for his début, but owing to a combination of circumstances over which he had no control it had to be decided upon, or Mr. Lavin would have been kept waiting still longer, which, of course, he was loath to do.

I am happy to say that the début passed off with much credit to our popular tenor. He possesses an unusually sympathetic voice of large range and equal register, combined with a splendid school and, last but not least, natural histrionic talent. In the malediction scene the voice rang with great dramatic verve and fire, and in the death scene Mr. Lavin impressed his hearers with a rousing display of warmth and tenderness, and gave an example of pure legato singing not often heard nowadays.

The audience showed their appreciation of his efforts in sincere applause and the critics predict good things for the future, as the translation of the notices will show:

Mr. Lavin is thoroughly musical; he sings with taste and expression, and his acting shows strong dramatic talent.—*Berliner Börsen Zeitung*.

Particularly in the death scene of *Edgardo* Mr. Lavin made a deep impression with the warmth of his acting and his sweet, pure singing of the beautiful Italian melody.—*Die Post*.

Mr. Lavin has been, as I hear, only a short time on the operatic stage, but, nevertheless, he handles his thoroughly sympathetic voice in a manner which denotes much talent and promise for his future career. His acting betrays not only temperament, but decided natural gifts. In the closing scene his voice rang with warmth and feeling. Mr. Lavin should follow a German career. He has natural artistic gifts which are to be highly valued.—*Kleine Journal*.

Mr. Wm. Lavin proved to be the possessor of a warm, splendidly schooled tenor voice and a most expressive diction. His acting, while not perfect, as he has sung but a short time on the operatic stage, shows nevertheless much natural ability. Mr. Lavin is also fortunate in having an elegant stage appearance.—*Deutsch-Oesterreichische Zeitung*.

Mary Howe, who sang *Lucia* here last fall, and of whose début I then wrote at length, again repeated her former success in that part, doing the mad scene, after which she had three hearty recalls. Of the home forces who sang in German, while the two guests appeared in the original Italian version, Buloz as *Ashton* and Moedlinger as *Raimund Bildebent* greatly distinguished themselves, but the same cannot truthfully be said of the Royal Orchestra, which felt at liberty, and consequently took many liberties, under Musikdirector Steinmann's more than slipshod direction.

On Wednesday night the Philharmonic Orchestra gave the last one of its regular three per week popular concerts of the present very successful season, and just prior to the orchestra's departure on the Scandinavian tournee. This last concert was sold out to the very last available space and was made the occasion for demonstrations of enthusiasm, consisting in strong applause and very many recalls for Prof. Franz Mannstaedt, who appeared this time in his double capacity of conductor and pianist. In fact he was the only soloist on the program, which was made up entirely of works of Beethoven.

After the *Coriolan* overture, which was performed with vigor and rhythmic precision, Professor Mannstaedt laid down the baton, which was taken up by Assistant Conductor Breuer, while the professor seated himself at the Bechstein grand and gave a neither very musical nor very interesting reading of Beethoven's E flat piano concerto. It is to me very wonderful how a man who has led the orchestra accompaniment to just this noble work for ever so many artists, big and little, should not have a broader and more intelligent conception of its spirit and meaning. What was wonderful to me, however, was the fact that a musician who is so driven with work and eternal rehearsals as is Professor Mannstaedt, and the like of whom in this respect I don't know anywhere, should find time to keep up his technic on the piano in such good and reliable shape that he is able to perform a work of the demands of the Beethoven E flat concerto in unexceptional and well nigh flawless style. For such diligence and persistency Professor Mannstaedt is greatly to be admired and praised.

In the second part of the program he gave a pleasing performance of an almost unknown rondo in B flat for piano and orchestra, by Beethoven. I at least have never before heard it in public. It sounds as if it were from Beethoven's first period, for it begins quite Mozartean, and yet the exceedingly beautiful and characteristic second theme in E flat must have emanated from Beethoven's ripest period, for which fact alone the technic even more than the general structure of this form finished work speaks. The rondo was found among Beethoven's manuscripts in a not quite finished condition, and the close of the posthumous work was added, if I mistake not, by Czerny.

After the rondo Professor Mannstaedt was applauded so heartily and recalled so persistently that he could not help granting an encore, for which he selected the slow movement of the *Pathétique* sonata, which he played with a good deal of expression, but free from all affectation.

The third *Leonore* overture and the A major symphony completed the orchestral contributions of this interesting Beethoven and last popular concert evening of the season.

The last popular chamber music concert of the season of the Barth-Wirth-Hausmann trio was given on Thursday evening at the Philharmonie. The trio was assisted by Joachim and Kruse, of the Joachim Quartet, and by Messrs. Schubert, Gütter, Littmann and Clain, of the Royal Orchestra. The program consisted of Schumann's piano quartet in E flat, op. 47, Dvorák's quintet in A major, op. 81, for piano, two violins, viola and cello, and the Beethoven septet, op. 20. Seldom have I seen the Philharmonie so crowded as at this concert; not only was every seat in the large auditorium taken, but every bit of available space on the stage was also filled with hearers.

The Schumann work was the most enjoyable number of the evening. Joachim and Barth vied with each other in producing a beautiful tone. It is a long time since Joachim played as he did in the first movement and in the andante. Barth, one of the finest of chamber music performers, played admirably. He did not pound and try to drown out the strings, as pianists so often do, and yet he did full justice to his important part. His was a thoroughly musical performance. The playing of Wirth and Hausmann was, as usual, a trifle dry.

The Dvorák quintet failed to make a great impression, chiefly, probably, because preceded by the beautiful Schumann work, but no doubt also because the Joachim Quartet seldom plays the works of modern composers—Brahms excepted—and hence failed to enter into the spirit of the composition. I was far more favorably impressed with it as performed in Bechstein Hall last season by Halir and his associates, with Stavenhagen at the piano.

The Beethoven septet, too, was not so effective as one would expect it to be when interpreted by such great artists. But there are reasons for this. The Philharmonie is not a favorable hall for chamber music performances. In the first place it is much too large. The strings labor under great disadvantages, many beautiful effects being lost. The wind instruments, on the other hand, sound well there, which makes the strings seem doubly weak. And then the performance, as a whole, was lacking in verve. Joachim, who had played so wonderfully in the Schumann work, seemed fagged out in this; moreover his intonation was often faulty. The septet was much better performed by the Halir Quartet, assisted by the same wind players, a month ago in Bechstein Hall.

The Joachim Quartet has a social standing here such as probably no other similar organization in the world has, and it goes without saying that the applause after each number was enthusiastic and prolonged. Professor Barth also came in for his deserved full share—and a large one it was—of the honors of the evening.

On the same evening the Royal Opera intendancy produced a revival of Meyerbeer's opera *Robert the Devil*, a work which has not been heard here since September 9, 1891, while before that period, viz., from June 20, 1882, the date of its first Berlin production, until September 9, 1891, Robert was given no less than 223 times.

I was able to witness the greater portion of Meyerbeer's lengthy work, and I must confess that a better all round performance and more satisfactory ensemble and generally good artistic results one could not find at any of the world's largest opera houses. I have seen Robert at the Paris Grand Opéra, which claims something very much like a mortgage on Meyerbeer's works, and at a time when the French National Academy of Music was in an unequalled flourishing condition and had a galaxy of voices the like of which one hears only in rare and single instances nowadays, and yet Robert did not strike me as forcibly, and I am sure the performance as a whole was not as good, as that of the Berlin Royal Opera House on last Thursday night.

They do things so much more thoroughly and, though perhaps a trifle less ostentatiously, so much more sincerely, that in this fact alone may be found the clue to the better performance generally. Even old man Sucher seemed to have been revived to his former self at this revival, and he conducted this Meyerbeer work (which has very many and

great musical beauties, despite its inexplicable situations in the text and such ridiculous scenes as that between *Bertram* and *Raimbaut* near the entrance to hell) with as much energy and attention as if it had been composed by Wagner instead of the nowadays ill reputed and over harshly criticised, nay almost ostracized, Meyerbeer. If Sucher's direction produced a superb ensemble, especially as far as the orchestra (Meyerbeer's orchestration is not so bad after all) and chorus were concerned, and if unstinted praise is due likewise to Tetzlaff's gorgeous mise-en-scène, the principal portion of the eulogy for this splendid revival is due after all to the soloists, the best ones from among the Royal Opera personnel.

Sylva's voice seemed resplendent with eternal youth, and he acted in a like fiery and convincing manner in the title rôle. Moedlinger, who is always very sonorous and who has also the depth for the real bass part of *Bertram*, was able to characterize this demoniac rôle in a dramatic manner of which I did not think him capable. Miss Hiedler was in splendid voice and gave *Alice* histrionically as well as vocally in fine style. Philipp, our second tenor, is not a genius, but he did well with the more than stupid part of *Raimbaut*. Frau Herzog seemed to have difficulties in breathing, but toward the close of the opera she sang *Isabella* as brilliantly as is her wont.

It behooves me to say also a word of praise, and a very deserved one, about Mlle. del' Era, who danced and acted the alluring part of *Helena* in a more than ravishing style. I am going to see Robert again as soon as I find a chance.

Friday brought the only night of the past, musically still so very active, week on which my time as critic was wasted. I was among the unfortunate few who went to the Philharmonie to listen to the concert of the Russ'an vocal band of the Maestro Dmitri Slaviansky d'Agréneff. It consists of forty-five members, ladies, gentlemen and boys, who appear on the concert platform in resplendent national costumes, which are said to date back from the fourteenth century. To make this appear more credible the costumes had evidently not been brushed for several centuries, and to make it all more national the wearers thereof looked as if they had not seen soap for several weeks. Especially was this the case with the marvelously small hands of Mrs. Olga Slaviansky d'Agréneff, who exposed them to public view as she conducted the concert. The affair was one of a Hamlet performance without the Prince of Denmark. Maestro Dmitri Slaviansky d'Agréneff was not in evidence, and the troupe was an entirely different one from the one which I heard several years ago. It was by no means a better one, and the singing lacked that artistic carefulness which had characterized it under the original leader and organizer. This is all the more strange as it is well known that the main musical spirit of the undertaking was the wife and not the husband, who, however, used to conduct with more forcefulness than his partner for life and successor in business.

Of the individual voices I have this to say, that they contain very little really remarkable material, except in the case of one basso, whose voice is beautiful and sonorous down to contra C. He is able to produce a distinctly audible A flat and even a G natural below that key, but the noise thus produced is hardly a musical one. It was the first time I heard such low notes from a human musical organ.

The soprano soloist, Miss Inna Slaviansky d'Agréneff, has not one steady note in her throat. The worst soloist, however, is the eleven year old boy Sergius, whose voice sounds positively disagreeable.

In the first portion of the program, in which figured old Russian national music, and which was sung to a reed organ accompaniment, the slim audience was kind to the singers and even encouraged them to some encores, among which was the opening chorus from Cornaro's *Festa a Marina*, a very original piece of music. But in the religious music of the second part of the program, which was sung *a capella*, the intonation of the Russians became so outrageously vile, and indeed absolutely unbearable, that I, with the majority of the audience, fled from the Philharmonie.

On Saturday night I saw the great Anne Judic for the first time in La Cigale at the beautiful Theater Unter den Linden. It was her fourth appearance here this season, but so far the management has not made any money with the French star and her mediocre support. I must say that as far as the old comedy operetta La Cigale is concerned, I was very much disappointed, and cannot understand how two such clever and fin-de-siècle collaborateurs like Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy could string together such insane and silly stuff. Nor does Mr. Rosensteel's "new" music improve matters materially. He conducted it well and gracefully, however, and Mme. Judic tried to sing it. I say tried, but she did not succeed. Moreover, she is too old in the face and too stout in figure to represent a young girl of eighteen or nineteen in salon attire.

She was her old self, however, when she sung after the performance of La Cigale some of her suggestive chansonnettes, and for these she was also rewarded with applause by a public which seemed to consist only of a small per-

centage of people who understand the French language of the modern Babel well.

You have seen La Judic in New York, so I don't need to tell you any more about her.

Sunday night I saw Don Giovanni at the Royal Opera House with Francesco d'Andrade in the title part, in which he appeared to far greater advantage than in William Tell. He is convincing in manners and the music is better suited to his high baritone voice.

There were some changes in the cast from the usual one, Frau Herzog singing *Donna Elvira* instead of the rôle of *Zerlina*, to which she is much better suited. Again Miss Rothauser, though always satisfactory, is not as good a *Zerlina* as Frau Herzog used to be. Miss Reinl was lacking in nobility of singing as well as acting in the part of *Donna Anna*. Sommer sings *Don Octavio* well, but oh, how that unfortunate tenor moves on the stage! He makes the part seem even more ridiculous and *schlemich lig* as it is, anyhow. Krolop was excellent as the *Le-porello*, Stammer sang hoarsely as the *Commendatore* and Schmidt was not good as *Masetto*. Sucher, however, did excellent work with his baton and the performance therefore moved smoothly.

D'Andrade, who will this week make his final guesting appearance here, was called before the curtain half a dozen times.

Another guest who was heard and very much appreciated at the Royal Opera House last week is Vogl, the Munich tenor, who on Friday night sang *Loge* in the Rheingold performance of a Wagner Nibelungen Ring cycle which the intendency is giving.

Last night I witnessed the representation of *Siegfried*, and I enjoyed it very much. The orchestra, again under Sucher's direction, was brilliant, barring a few premature entrances. Both Vogl as *Siegfried* and Rosa Sucher as *Brünnhilde* were in splendid voice, and, although of course one imagines young *Siegfried* a far more youthful and dashing hero in appearance than Vogl is able to represent him, vocally he seemed last night almost incomparably fresh. Really incomparable is Lieban as *Mime*; charmingly did Miss Dietrich sing the Forest Bird, and Marie Goetze was good as *Erda*, but Betz's *Wotan* and Schmidt as *Alberich* I did not greatly relish.

We are not at the end of things musical yet in Berlin. Besides the festival performances for the 200th anniversary celebration of the Academy of Arts, there will be given by request of the Empress a repetition of Berlioz's Requiem by the Philharmonic chorus on May 18. The Stern Singing Society likewise will arrange one more musical evening at which Gade's Erl-King's Daughters and the choruses from Weber's Preciosa will be sung. The program for the season of 1896-7 of the Stern Gesangverein will embrace Elijah, Schumann's Faust, part III., the Ninth Symphony and the Missa solennis of Beethoven.

The former intendant of Weimar, Hans von Bronsart, who was forced to resign his post because he took sides with d'Albert against the victorious Stavenhagen in the Weimar court conductorship question, has lately resigned his offices as president of the Shakespeare and Goethe Society. Von Bronsart has changed his residence from Weimar to Munich and his successor to the post of Weimar intendant, Baron von Vignau, has been chosen president of the Shakespeare Society.

The program for the meeting of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein which will take place at Leipzig on the days from May 29 to June 1 is arranged as follows: Friday evening, May 29, in the Church of St. Thomas, Berlioz's Te Deum and Liszt's Missa solennis (the Grau Festive Mass). Saturday morning, chamber music in the small hall of the Gewandhaus. Saturday evening, orchestral concert at the opera house with an exclusively Russian program, of which the principal works are Borodin's B minor symphony and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Sheherazade. Sunday evening, chamber music from the works of old masters. Monday forenoon, conservatory concert. Monday evening, orchestral concert in the Gewandhaus, in which Weingartner's King Lear, a suite by Reznicek, Richard Strauss' Don Juan, Liszt's Dante Symphony and Wagner's Kaisermarsch are to be performed. Nikisch being prevented from conducting by other previous engagements the concerts will be under the direction of Prof. Dr. Hermann Kretzschmar and Felix Weingartner.

Telegrams just received from Copenhagen inform me of the immense success of the first two concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra there. Court Conductor Dr. Muck, of Berlin, who was the conductor, was made the recipient of great ovations. At the second concert Stenhammer, the Swedish composer, played his B flat minor piano concerto (of which the *Raconten* wrote so well in one of his recent admirable feuilletons) and scored a tremendous

success, thus bearing out my first estimate and prediction about this composition. The royal family was present from beginning to end of the concert. The entire orchestra, conductors, soloists and manager Hermann Wolff, were last night invited to a festive supper by the Danish Royal Orchestra, and great enthusiasm seems to prevail generally. Colonne, from Paris, and Edward Grieg are each to conduct one concert, and Professor Mannstaedt will conduct the remainder of the tournée.

Johann Strauss has arrived here from Vienna, and will superintend the final rehearsals of his latest work, Waldmeister, which is to have its Berlin première on next Saturday night at the Lessing Theatre.

Siegfried came near dying prematurely—and not from a *Hagen* thrust in the back—at Bayreuth day before yesterday. Burgstaller, the young Bayreuth tenor who is to sing the part of *Siegfried* during some of the coming summer's Ring representations at Bayreuth, got into an altercation with a scene painter named Suttner. The latter drew a knife and made a lunge at Burgstaller, but the weapon struck the tenor's silver cigarette box, and did no further harm.

The Berlin police department is trying its hand at Comstockism, and has forbidden the production of Rubinstein's Christus, which Director Dr. Loewe, of Breslau, intends to give here at the Philharmonie in June. I hope and expect, however, that the injunction will be withdrawn as soon as the matter comes up before the proper authorities.

Death has removed from this mundane sphere an old friend of mine, the widow of the late Ferdinand Hiller. Mrs. Dr. von Hiller, née Hogé, who died at Cologne on Thursday of last week from an apoplectic stroke, at the age of seventy-six. Before she married Ferdinand Hiller in Italy in 1841 she was a celebrated singer, and it was for her that he composed the well-known quintets for soprano and four part male chorus. When Ferdinand Hiller died on May 10, 1885, the city of Cologne granted to his widow an annual pension of 3,000 marks. She was an amiable and hospitable lady of highest culture and refinement, and Hiller lived with her very happily. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the latter, named Toni, is the wife of Professor Kwast, of Frankfurt.

Felix Mottl, of Carlsruhe, does some queer things once in a while. His well-known inscription in the orchestral score of Lortzing's Czar and Carpenter reads:

Lortzing war ein grosser Trottl,
Dies bezeugt ihm Felix Mottl.

Lately Mottl announced his withdrawal from membership of the Grillparzer Society because an epigram of the poet has been published which has a point against Wagner. This is the much quoted verse:

Richard Wagner und Friedrich Hebbel,
Tappen beide im romantischen Nebel,
Das doppelte B gefällt Dir nicht?
Ja, lieber Freund, der Nebel ist dicht.

Then the Schwind letters published in the last annual of the Grillparzer Society have some antagonistic remarks on Wagner. This is the reason for Mottl's withdrawal. Epigrams and other hostilities have not been able to hurt Wagner for any length of time, and Grillparzer was a great poet, even if he knew next to nothing about music, so why all this fuss?

Handsome Miss Riza Eibenschütz, fresh from her American successes with the Damrosch Grand Opera Company, called on me yesterday. She is full of delight over the United States, and is already rejoicing in the anticipation of next season, for which she has again been engaged by Mr. Walter Damrosch. The latter is expected to arrive here soon.

The music critic of the Berlin *Reichsbote* is very much taken with Fritz Spahr, about whose violin recital he writes: "The concert giver appeared in the double capacity of executive and creative artist. His offerings in both fields were of a truly surprising nature. In his playing he evinced, besides feeling and expression, the highest sort of skill in all kinds of bowing, from the simple *legato* intensively executed stroke of the bow up to the most artful staccati, spring bow and the most rapid movements of the wrist in the middle bow and at the lowest end of it. Regarding the stopping, he showed blameless certainty of intonation in the most difficult passages, widest jumps, most complicated chords, octaves, thirds, sixths, tenths and harmonics in the most rapid tempo. And all this seemed to be mere child's play for the artist, who retained such outward repose that one could not notice the slightest *échauffement*. It might therefore be supposed that his own compositions were written chiefly to show off his virtuosodom. In reality this was not at all the case. On the contrary, in

all of them, without an exception, was apparent a charm in invention and an artisanship in treatment, also in the piano accompaniment, such as are rarely found united. General applause, elicited through real enjoyment and sympathy of the listeners, followed after each number, and thus this violin evening differed advantageously from the majority of piano recitals in the circumstance that from first to last the most lively and genuine interest in the performances was retained."

Mr. Waller's one act opera (I hear it takes forty minutes for performance), the acceptance of which by the Royal Opera House intendency I announced in a previous budget, is really the first novelty which is to be brought out here in the near future. The première has been set for May 7, and Ruefer's Ingo received another setback. I learn from reliable sources that no less a personage than the Emperor himself has ordered the immediate production of Mr. Waller's work. Some high influence must have been brought to bear upon His Majesty, for it is not often that he takes the initiative in a matter of this kind, the decision about which he usually leaves to Count Hochberg and Director of the Intendency Henry Pierson.

I got a short glimpse yesterday at Pfitzner, the young composer-conductor of Mayence, who is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most talented of the younger generation of German opera composers. He looks small, slight, blond and very intellectual, with a soft, agreeable face with delicate features.

Bruno Oscar Klein's opera Kenilworth, which is to be produced next season in New York by the Damrosch Opera Company, may also be heard here at the Royal Opera House. The matter is at present under consideration at headquarters.

I acknowledge receipt of five highly interesting piano pieces composed by Emil Liebling, of Chicago; also two new songs of real value written by Leo Blech and dedicated to his master, Engelbert Humperdinck. They are called Liebeslied and Abendfriede and are for a low voice, published by Heinrichshofen, of Magdeburg. I can recommend them. Lastly I received from Messrs. Böte & Bock, the Berlin publishers, an elegantly gotten up (printed by C. G. Roeder, of Leipzig) piano score of Strauss' latest opera, Waldmeister, which will be produced here next Saturday night.

Arthur Nikisch is at present in Monaco.

O. F.

Opera House Profit.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera House Company was held last Wednesday. There was submitted a report of the treasurer, Mr. George S. Bowdoin, which predicted that at the end of the fiscal year, next November, the company would have a balance of about \$12,000 to its credit. This, of course, is aside from the interest on the mortgage on the property, but it is the first year of its existence that the company has made so good a financial showing.

These directors were elected: Samuel D. Babcock, George F. Baker, George S. Bowdoin, Robert Goelet, George G. Haven, Adrian Iselin, Augustus D. Juilliard, Luther Kountze, D. O. Mills, J. Pierpont Morgan, George Peabody Wetmore, William C. Whitney and H. McK. Twombly. The directors proceeded at once to hold a meeting, at which these officers were elected:

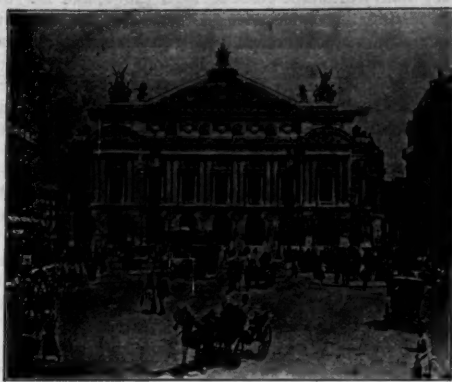
President, George G. Haven; vice-president, Adrian Iselin; treasurer, George S. Bowdoin. Executive Committee—Robert Goelet, William C. Whitney and George S. Bowdoin.

Russian Symphonic Poem—The Russian pianist, Nicolas de Lestovitchy, who recently made such a brilliant début in Paris, has just completed a Russian symphonic poem for grand orchestra, entitled *Le Prince Siéridug*, after the celebrated historical novel of that name by the Count Tolstoi. This new work is to be performed at the commencement of the coming season at St. Petersburg. Meantime the pianist is resting in his charming villa in Little Russia.

Emma Eames.—Speaking of the extraordinary success of this singer in Ghiselle at Monte Carlo the Paris edition of the New York Herald says:

"The progress made by the young American prima donna of late is astounding. It is not only her voice which has developed and ripened; her art has become broader and surer. She created this rôle with an authority that impressed itself upon every listener. You felt that it was in the hands of a finished artist."

This artist has now returned to Paris to prepare for the London season. It is with the Professor Trabadelo that she prepared the rôles of both *Desdemona* and *Ghiselle*, which have won for her such triumphs, and it is with him that she now prepares for new successes in London.



THE MUSICAL COURIER.
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS. May 10, 1906.

Securing Petitions.

No train—no matter how precious the freight—can move without an engine, and the helm was invented after consecutive failures to get along without one.

Mlle. Mexique is prepared to enter into engagements as operatic singer, pure soprano. Repertory, fourteen rôles, as follows, &c., in French, Italian and German. Would prefer to begin in London, and in secondary rôles for the first year. Has sung in Paris salons. Name; address.

ONE of the most painful periods in the public career is that great, vague, barren plane between graduation and first engagement, when one must become known before being known, when the shores of sentiment first recede and the professional life must be met on business principles.

The inherent difficulties of the conditions are accentuated by the lack of all experience, the want of practicability, the lack of a knowledge of ways and means of doing things, the exhaustion of funds at this most critical juncture, and by an immense horror of all frankness and straightforwardness in presenting themselves squarely before the public as candidates for public favor.

The methods generally employed—if anything so non-descript and pale can well be called "methods"—are usually oblique, indirect, feeble, insincere, with one main object in view—to appear to have arrived without having made any effort whatever to do so. Time, money, spirit and self-respect are sacrificed to this foolish stereotyped mania, which deceives nobody.

For over a year I have tried to get at the bottom of that peculiar outbreak of the musician's sensitiveness. I find there is no bottom to it; everybody has heard everybody talk that way—that is all.

With a person who had performed many years and made successes, I can imagine a certain desire not to appear to be retrograding, but how can a new person expect to be known before being made known, before being properly presented? Nobody expects it of them; the best thing to do would be to act on that expectation, not to attempt to evade it.

So frequently I see people suffering from this misconception of things. Why is it? Why adopt that method?

Why not come out at once plain and square and above board and frank? Why not establish the fact of your existence and qualifications in the plainest, most direct manner possible, and have people know who you are and what they may expect of you. It is not modesty that prevents this, because you are perfectly willing to do this in private and by all the side ways imaginable, where it is practically of no benefit. Why not do it right?

This thought is nourished by the fact that the people who need you are hunting for you equally in the dark, obliquely and impractically. On a certain musician's table in this town at this writing is a pile of correspondence representing some six or seven agencies asking for names and addresses of any "novelties" that may be existing, and if possible to apprise the "novelties" of said agents' arrivals through the summer, and please to convince each one that each agent is the best and first in the whole world. Without doubt a dozen musicians have the same interesting documents sent them. And, on the other hand, the names of private individuals who are made special bureaux by artists of all kinds would make a volume.

Why should private individuals be expected to attend to public affairs in no way concerning them? Those simple things cost weeks of time and heavy correspondence, and may often be embarrassing.

Why should such a powerful supply and demand feature be left to the chance graces of uninterested intermediaries, who may not know one-third of the resources, and may be prejudiced against another third?

Why not communicate directly with each other and so find out details and arrange rendezvous for test and decision.

For next season, if not sooner, there will be arranged in THE MUSICAL COURIER a department dedicated specially to this class of musicians, the new and unknown performers,

a "Débutants' Department," in which on an attractive page in an attractive form and for a trifling sum (a simple acknowledgment that the man who sets the type for your good has quite as good a right to eat and lodge and clothe as you have) may be recorded, something as above, with your repertory, languages in which you sing them, your choice of action, your experience, if you have any, and your name and address—everything specified, so that all an impresario will have to do will be to run his pencil down the list and select those with whom he would wish to communicate, the type of artist he may be looking for.

This would not only open up numberless latent possibilities, but would relieve you of much perplexing responsibility, save time, money, spirit and even travel, and introduce you to all the world at once.

Every Wednesday morning that record would be read by thousands of subscribing musicians, among them all the prominent managers and agents of all nations.

This need not do away with any of the individual activity of the present way; all the present means that were worth anything could be kept up, but this would form a basis from which the most useful individual effort could come.

Neither need there be the slightest squeamishness about such a form of announcement. This sort of effort has to be made somehow, and how much more wisely, and how much wiser, thus to address in one morning so many people than to spend an entire afternoon in—not seeing one!

Those who would care to confer on this subject, to discuss it, or offer any suggestions in regard to it, please address me here at 8 Clément-Marot, as soon as possible.

PARIS.

M. Guilman's series of concerts at the Trocadéro closed yesterday in that immense palace, packed from orchestra to topmost gallery, one solid slope of people, like a bank of flowers on a sloping terrace. What a triumph of savant tenacity to an educative purpose. For though of the severest classic school the musician has not once swerved from the ideal which he set himself eighteen years ago at the foundation of the superb concerts.

It was the day of the "Vernissage" over on the Champs Elysées. One could have imagined the immense building one-third full, and "thankful for that." The utmost surprise was expressed at the triumphal massing of music lovers.

And instead of letting up a little and seeking popular effect on the occasion, what do you think M. Guilman sat him down and played?

Three-quarters of an hour of consecutive Bach as the first number!

It was the last work of Bach for organ, it seems—a writing of seven sacred thoughts, the first consisting of three, two kyries and a Christe. Then there were Dies sind die heil'gen zehn Gebot; Wir glauben all'; Vater unser im Himmelreich; Christ unser Herr; Aus tiefer Noth, and Jesus Christus.

It was the first production of the work in Paris, and was listened to with close attention. All the eminent musicians were there.

The intermède consisted of works by Schütz and Franck for chorus, organ and orchestra, with the Chanteurs de St. Gervais and M. Bordes, and the last part was an exquisite Bach cantata, Liebster Gott, which aroused great enthusiasm. The singing of a Mme. Lovano and M. Paul Séguin, with hautbois and flute accompaniments, was especially fine.

Händel, Buxtehude, Peri Otto Malling, Purcell, Haydn, Populus Guilman, Lefebvre, Boellmann and others, with Bach, formed the burden of the series of '96. The best artists helped to vary the programs, which are everywhere pronounced the best ever given.

The last program contained the name of Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, whose concert, including Rheinberger, Capocci, Dubois, Lemmens, Salome, Guilman and Bach, was announced for two weeks later.

Mr. Eddy was present at the last concert, having just returned from Rome, where he gave a recital at the Sainte Cécile Academy before a brilliant and enthusiastic audience. He played also in Milan.

VICTORIEN JONCIÈRES.—M. Joncières, who was a candidate for Conservatoire directorship against his will and judgment, was this week named as candidate to the fauteuil of M. Ambroise Thomas by the section of musical composition of the Beaux Arts.

This distinguished musician is an extremely interesting figure in the musical life of Paris. Composer of a generous budget of valuable works, dramatic, lyric and symphonic, he is at the same time a strong and vital thinker, a combative mind that loves its opposition and rejoices in clinching arguments, and withal, having a clever pen, is one of the foremost critics.

Born in Paris, traveling little and speaking no English, he is by no means limited in vision, is a profound reader and passionate lover of letters. He is one of the commission appointed by the state to visit, study and care for the branch conservatories through France. He leaves indeed to-day on one of his trips of this kind through France, and on his return very kindly promises to speak on the subject for the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. (On August 21

last the subject of these music schools was treated in these columns. It would be good reading for our people to return to.)

"I am not at all the man for the place," he says almost impatiently, speaking of the association of his name with the Conservatoire. "I am not at all the sort of person for that duty for many reasons. Many of the others are, but supremely Massenet, all things considered on both sides."

M. Joncières does not think that a director should by any means be confined to his desk in Paris, or be obliged to meddle with all the executive detail of the institution. While au courant with all the details, he thinks his province should be more representative than executive. He is also member of the committee of dramatic examinations.

As to the equality of importance between the musical and dramatic features of the school he asks how the importance can be equal when the demand is as one to three between the sections. It is essentially a music school by natural condition. One reason of this is the difficulty of securing great dramatic representatives as teachers. A great dramatist plays a few hours in the evening and reposes through the day. What could such a man or woman do after a day in the schoolroom, not to speak of the exigencies of examination, &c.?

It is the same with the vocal departments, he says, and the suggestion explains much. How could a great singer who had been teaching and singing to pupils all day do himself justice in an opera? Whereas he may give a few glittered lessons through the day without exertion as a professeur particulier.

Added to this is the fact of the severity and thoroughness of the education in the Conservatoire, which few student minds, least of all vocal and theatrical ones, can endure. None but the fittest survive there, and so instrumental music is at its best.

Among the dramatic compositions of M. Joncières, all of which have been given and some of them repeated in Paris, are Le Chevalier Jean, Dimitri, Le Dernier Jour de Pompeii, Sardanapale, Hamlet, La Reine Berthe and Lancelot to be given this season. Of the lyric and symphonic works, all ratified by frequent execution, are: La Mer, symphonie ode; Li-Tsin, Chinese subject with solos and orchestra; Sérénade Hongroise; Symphonie Romantique, in four parts; concerto for violin; Aubade Triomphal, composed for the celebration of the raising of the siege of Valenciennes in 1793, and various smaller works.

"It is no fun arguing Wagner now when he is accepted everywhere," he says. "The fun was when I had to fight for him," which he did with good will and no fear, having been one of the first apostles and strong intimate friends of the great musician.

"Modern politics are banal to anyone who has passed through what some of us Parisians have," he says also; and the thrills pass through your blood and the blows of excitement on your nerves as Conservatoire, ministres, composition and music itself all disappear in the strong desire to listen, listen, listen forever to the fascinating "once upon a time" of the day when Fate stepped into country to house clean, waking men's souls up, whipping their bodies out of lethargy with knotted cords, shaking and stirring and sweeping and scrubbing and putting things to rights for the Future.

She's coming again, that lady. This time, however, she is organizing a regular band of house cleaners to swoop down and do the whole thing at once. That will be a great time. She will want things to "stay put" next time—all over.

MADAME DE LA GRANGE'S MUSICAL MATINÉE.

Dignified, lady-like, free from fuss and row, gentle and wholly musical from beginning to end, Mme. de la Grange's musicales are like herself.

One gets an impression of musicality from the work of her pupils; it is an absence of effort; and a scream or bleat or bellow seems impossible. If a girl has a small voice, you do not miss what she cannot do, so well able does she seem to do what she does. If one is strong and noisy you feel that the soft pedal has been put on, and that she has been made ashamed of rowings and roaring in the beautiful art of music, that was never created for flattening cold iron.

The recent matinée was a very interesting one. Mlle. Jeanne Greta (Mrs. Howell, of Iowa), a pupil of Madame, now engaged for an entire season of concerts in London, who was in the city, added brilliancy to the concert by her really admirable work; Miss Davidson, a beautiful American pupil of Lilli Lehmann in Germany, and who has an exceptionally clear, pure, high voice; Miss Dunphy, another beauty from San Francisco, I believe; Miss Bradley, the Misses Smith, from San Francisco; Miss Elkins, Mrs. Jungens and Mrs. Jennings all showed to a greater or less degree the prevailing sentiment of musicality. Miss Albright, of Mexico, one of the brightest stars of the school as to voice, suffering from a cold taken a day or two before, did not sing, to the great disappointment of many friends.

M. Jancey, the able professor of lyric declamation, who is allied with the de la Grange work, gave some admirable illustrations of his art.

But the most exciting feature of the matinée was reserved for the performance of select works of the composer M.

Francis Thomé, who is a son-in-law of Madame. One could go a long distance at much expense and discomfort for such a real musical treat as was thus afforded. I was never so impressed with the character of this writer's work for originality, melody, climax, verve and harmony.

Playing the piano himself, accompanied by violinist, singers, recitation, no matter what, every piece—every phrase, I should say—was the signal for that spontaneous applause which is the only kind that should satisfy a public performer of any kind.

A scene was given from the exquisite Alsatian légende Château de Königsberg, which is being given all over the city; a prelude, gavot madrigal, and tarentelle, played by himself, electrified things; a violin solo had the same effect; a duet, barcarolle and boléro, and a recitation with music by M. Jancey, added to his laurels, and a four-hand piece, Suite de Valse, was played by his little daughters, Mlles. Marie and Jeanne, with charming expression and impression.

Mme. De la Grange was top and bottom of everything; live, energetic, gracious and enthusiastic as at twenty. As attractive programs have been asked for by American teachers, the following are the numbers added to the above:

Chant Hindou, Air du page des Huguenots; Air de Traviata; Sognai, by Schira (beautiful); À vous, Guy d'Hardelot; Wagner's Réve; Ferrari's À une Fiancée; Nymphs et Sylvaains, valse, Bemberg; Repentir, Gounod, and Chanson d'Amour, Thomé; Alleluia, Esclarmonde, and Ouvre tes yeux, Massenet; airs from Lucia, Favorite and Traviata; Pace la forza des destino, Verdi, and a charming little thing by an unknown writer, Maman, dites moi.

An interesting piano affair was a concert given by the Hollandais, Zeldenrust. This young man, who seems to have taken quite a place in the American colony here as well as with the French, seems to be a climax to the young men pianist series that has been running here since November, each chapter of which has had more or less value musically.

This one personally is more picturesque than any of them, more foreign, exceptional, peculiar, has less of the world and more of music, is more tempestuous and subject to mood and tense than the others, and that, say what one will, goes for much in a musician (perhaps because something of it goes into the music, and we common folks feel the novelty).

Musically, with more years and composure, his repertory will be equal to any of them—better than most. Although well and thoroughly schooled in Germany and with Hiller in Cologne, he has that indescribable way of seeming to be playing without schooling. He combines the pressure and blow touches of the German schools skillfully, and although his pedaling must be the result of great care it seems the natural result of the hand work. He would make a specialty of Bach if allowed, but the dramatic of Liszt and Wagner seems a natural outlet of his nature. His Bach work is extremely clear, clean, well poised and very much less like knitting than the average piano Bach work.

But that which forms the "attractiveness" of his playing is a stimulative "working up" of every type of composition, forming a sort of growth to crisis or climax of which no one is conscious, but by which all are affected. Whether a Schumann Nachtstück or a Mort d'Iseult by Wagner-Liszt, the result is always the same. There is a lack of disappointment after the music ceases, which constitutes a desire to hear again and that promises well for the performer's future.

AT THE LAFAYETTE HOME.

He was again heard at a concert given on Thursday at Dr. Evans' Students' Home—a concert given by Mr. Thomas Meux, one of M. Bouhy's most brilliant lights, who is almost ready for professional life and will be as valuable dramatically as vocally. Allons, jeunes gens, from Roméo et Juliette, and Le Bal Masqué, Verdi, were sung by him in captivating manner and with a voice poised to do itself best justice. He was assisted by Miss Meyer, also of the Bouhy school, and one of its best representatives, and Miss Mona Downs, a more recent pupil of the same teacher.

Miss Meyer sang very finely, indeed quite with the authority of an experienced professional, the air and recitative from Orphée, Une Nuit à Venise, by Lucantoni, with M. Meux; Ave Printemps, an exquisite chanson by M. Bouhy; La Sérénade, by Mozart with Mr. Meux and Miss Downs, and a Hamlet trio with the same singers.

Miss Downs' parents and friends would have been delighted and encouraged to have seen and heard the improvement in their daughter since she has been here. She was one of those people who were prepared to come here and came with good common sense, and the intelligence to profit. She sang Le Pardon de Ploërmel, Untern Machan delbaum in German, and When Phyllis Comes in excellent voice and looked charming in shaded yellows.

The salons of the Lafayette were crowded, many prominent people, American and French, being present, among the most interested Dr. Evans himself and Dr. Thurber, minister of the Union American Church at Paris; a man, by the way, full of good works and ardent American zeal,

whose seven years in Paris have done much for the well-being of Americans abroad.

The Vie de bohème which Nikita has been studying in Milan with the composer was Leoncavallo's, not Puccini's. It seems there are two of them, there being no copyright on operatic titles. It seems that the singer went to Leoncavallo to study the rôle in Paliasso which she was engaged to play at the Opéra Comique, and the composer chose her then for his new opera, hoping she would take it to America. The prima donna is fast recovering from her bicycle accident, which it is to be hoped will not interfere with her performance at the Opéra Comique.

Puccini's La vie bohème is being studied just the same by many hopeful stars, among them Miss Della Rogers, who has just returned to Paris after a season in Milan, where she played in Andre Chénier and Ratcliffe at La Scala.

Another musician suffering from an accident is the Russian pianist Lestovtch, who two days after his arrival in his Russian villa for "repose" got thrown from his carriage, which overturned in a runaway, and has his precious right arm in a sling.

The Ambassadrice and Ambassador of Austria attended the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, founded by M. L. Breitner.

Mme. Laborde gave a pupils' concert this week admirable in every respect. This excellent teacher is quite restored to health again.

M. Barbot, direct descendant of the Garcia in Paris, says that he doubts if that past master of vocal art could, if living to-day, guard all the theories of his art as practiced in his day, so great is the change wrought in vocal art by the musical art developments of the time.

At that time music was made to reach the senses; when it touched those that was considered sufficient; the work all lay in mouth and ears. Now, however, that sense appeal is used but as a means to reach the higher intelligence; an intellectual art is formed; unless thought is engaged sound palls. This necessitates various modifications in the art of vocal appeal, largely in the domain of respiration. Color, expression, all must be turned in the direction of thought; it is a sort of vocal oratory or eloquence, convincing and suggestive in one.

Why vocal art has declined in Italy he attributes to the placing of nature before science, something almost justified by the superb natural gifts of the people. A wood chopper turned tenor gives, gives, gives of his voice. The delight of singing and his possibilities are all he knows even after "training," which often consists only in a couple of months' top dressing (à la Américaine), so there is no staying power, no reserve, no care, no science, and without its science all nature is limited, all gifts abused, and its life short.

Miss Sievevright, a talented and beautiful English girl, who has been some years in the Marchesi school, goes to London this week to make a début. I do not know the details, but wish her success.

There seems to be a perfect fever of giving Massenet's works in Paris at present. Every day there is some sort of a performance dedicated to him, public or private. Last evening, by the way, Mme. Krauss sang airs from his Marie Magdalene at the home of Mme. Hochon with fine effect. She has such a noble, touching style.

People who visit Paris during the summer should not fail to go each day to the conversation parlors of Mme. Hammer (see page 3) to brush up their French and get into the habit of listening to it. She has established the venture as a result of suggestions in THE MUSICAL COURIER. I wish to heaven I had such a chance when I came to this city and had to try to walk close to people on the street to catch a word or two a day. This is the first place of the kind in town, and it is a good one.

Where is Augusta Schiller, with her exquisite moving voice, and why do we not hear something about her? There was one of the few appealing voices; and how she could sing German songs! Once in a while I catch a stray souvenir or echo of her quality in a voice here, like a flake out of a snow storm, or rather a petal from a flower, and I always wonder what becomes of the few voices that really have something in them.

M. Gustave Lyon, head of the house of Pleyel, Wolff & Co., Paris, is a soldier for fifteen days, serving out his service militaire. What a droll idea to us! the director of one of the most important piano houses in the world—and of one of the most charming families—passing days in a soldiers' barracks. All we know of a barracks at home is a place where the boys play poker nights, hang up their dancing uniforms in little stand up coffins, and play The Girl I Left Behind Me on national holidays.

Miss Annie E. Snyder goes home as a vocal teacher after she finishes her Paris education.

Miss Albright, spoken of above, is from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where her father was an important newspaper man and where she studied first violin with Mr. Hyman Allen, of Thomas' Orchestra, and later singing. Her father was musical, whence her talent, and her mother was lady manager at large of the World's Fair. She came to Paris last July and has since been studying with de la Grange. Her progress has been remarkable; Madame says she thinks the most so of any pupil she has ever had. She has

a very heavy dramatic voice of high range, and her dramatic leading is pronounced. Of Creole type, tall, with nice manners and much practical intelligence, she will certainly make a profitable career. She looks it, which is half the battle. Mrs. Furber, of Chicago, has taken a great fancy to her and been very kind to her here. She was to have sung an aria from Favorita at the concert. She will probably be ready next year for public work.

Miss Maud Roudebusch (Roude) is singing in London. Mr. Risler gave a very fine concert here lately, of which more later. Mr. C. W. Fleming, teacher of mandolin and guitar at the Rudy Institute, has just left for London.

Do not forget to leave your address at some MUSICAL COURIER headquarters when you go traveling this summer.

People of the Champs-Élysées quarter, Paris, may now find THE MUSICAL COURIER always at 37 rue Marbeuf, in addition to Brentano's and the Galignani Library.

PARIS, May 3, 1906.

M. Henri Falcke, the pianist professor, gave a fine concert in the Salle Erard last evening. On the program were Sonate in A minor, Grieg; Toccata con fuga, Bach-Tausig; Suite dans le Style ancien, Moszkowski; Sonata, op. 58, Chopin; Sérénade russe, Rubinstein; Menuet, Falcke; Chant polonais, Chopin-Liszt; Valse sérieuse No. 3, Lenormand; Mélancolie, Grieg, and Tarentelle, Moszkowski.

Warm enthusiasm always greets this musician in Paris. His menuet, a charming creation, was specially admired. Mr. Falcke will be remembered as the benefactor to piano students by a special work on the Study of Arpeggios, which latter he claims, with reason, to form two-thirds of all piano difficulty. The completeness, power and utility of the work were all set forth in THE MUSICAL COURIER a few months ago, and I am happy to add that it has become an educational fixture in France, where the Conservatoire at once certified to its merit by accepting it as one of its regular books of study.

Musical progress in Paris is about to be aided by a Mozart club having for its object, of course, the propagation of the music of the immortal poet of harmony. The intention is to give eight concerts of chamber music a month, with now and again the addition of orchestra and chorus. The club will be supported by subscription of the members to the number of 100. It is to be hoped that the American colony in Paris will assist this artistic venture, where by a merely nominal sum they secure musical entertainment of the first class for the entire year and further a noble cause.

Piano papers are speaking of the serious effect on the mechanical piano and organ perforated card industry in Paris and other cities in case the proposed law goes into effect making such "scores" subject to international copyright dues.

The Society of Authors and Composers has commenced suit against the proprietors of the Galerie des Champs Élysées, Paris, for allowing certain pieces, the property of members, to be played at a ball given there recently.

There is whisper of an augmentation of pensions to its members by this society, which is in a flourishing condition.

The performance of the Bach Passion according to St. John is promised by the Chanteurs de St. Gervais in May.

Mme. Marie Roze this week gave a grand soirée and pupils' concert in honor of Massenet's works. The composer was not only present and played all the accompaniments himself, but he had given an entire precious afternoon of the previous day to rehearsal, correction, direction, &c., to make of the performance as finished a success as possible.

Pupils say that the only time when they are not flustered, nervous or frightened in singing is when Massenet is around. Anyone knowing him can easily understand that. He is so charming, so genial and enthusiastic, so ready to oblige, so natural, unaffected, so active and so interested in the work. He unconsciously leads the mind away from self and personality and into imagination, dreams, plot, unpersonality—just what is needed in interpretation.

One of the most delightful mannered men that ever lived anywhere, in the usually ungrateful task of drilling the student mind in musical conception he is in one of his most graceful and charming elements always. The interest on this special occasion was augmented by the fact that it was the charming Marie Roze who created his *Manon* in London.

The concert went off like a charm, the composer often leading the applause. The newspapers all spoke in detail of the performance, which was given in the pretty new theatre. A tenor, M. Rivière, who took an important part with superior voice and talent, has since, through Massenet's recommendation, been engaged by M. Carvalho for the Opéra Comique. On the program were:

Scene from first act of *Nanon*.
Scene from second act of *Nanon*.
Scene of Saint Sulpice.
Scene from third act of *Werther*.
Scene from second act of *Thaïs*.

Mlles. Réville, Lachaux, Amaury, MacKay, Wehrung and M. Lacroix were the performing students. Marie Roze herself added to the enthusiasm by taking the part in the Saint Sulpice scene. She was warmly congratulated by Massenet for herself and for her pupils.

This week M. P. Marcel gives a matinée musicale, also de-

voted to Massenet's compositions, and next to those of Alfred Bruneau. The Marquise de Bron gives a Massenet soirée musicale also, and on each of these occasions the composers are the accompanists.

The compositions of Widor with those of César Franck will next week be brought in prominence by Mme. Roger Miclos in her concert of modern music to follow the classic performance of last night. This conscientious virtuoso was absolutely remarkable in the latter, playing with fire and authority the Bach *Fantasie chromatique avec fugue*, seldom given with more vigor and majesty, and the works of Schumann and Chopin.

M. Botticelli, the Lamoureux violinist, spoken of recently as intending to go to America, in speaking of the English tournée of the Lamoureux concert company says that the energy and endurance of that chef are something inconceivable. He is *never* weary and never less energetic, always up to concert pitch.

The growth in favor of French works was plainly visible since his last visit to England. Six concerts were given in six days. The magnificent halls and big organs were a revelation to the 106 Parisian musicians who made up the troupe. Enthusiasm was everywhere more than it is here. At Manchester it was overpowering. Rehearsals were held rigorously all the time. The habit here is three times a week all the morning. All the men were very sick crossing the Channel. M. Lamoureux remained as well as ever. M. Botticelli is from Pesaro, Italy, Mascagni's town, and where the latter is director of the conservatoire.

M. Eugène Lacroix, who was organist of the company, speaks with equal enthusiasm of the trip, the organs and the charming receptions at London, Manchester, Liverpool and Brighton. Mr. Lacroix is now organist of St. Gervais, where M. Chas. Bordes is maître de chapelle.

Mlle. Clotilde Kleberg has returned from a tournée in Vienna, Berlin, Prague, Warsaw, Moscow and St. Petersburg. She gave an interesting concert here this week, accompanied by the Lamoureux orchestra.

The young Russian pianist-composer Scriabine gives a second and last recital of his own compositions this week in Paris.

There was splendid music here at the wedding of M. Patrice MacMahon with the Princesse Marguerite of France. An orchestra played the *Angelus* and *le dernier Sommeil de la Vierge*, by Massenet; *l'Andante*, by Saint-Saëns; *l'Allegretto* and *Wedding March*, by Mendelssohn.

A grand concert of the works of M. Th. Dubois was given by prominent artists in the Salle Pleyel a few evenings ago. Among the works given were:

Duetto d'Amore, for violin and cello; A Douanenez, sung by Faure; *La Fée Jeunesse*; *Le Baiser*; Brunette; Cavatine, for violin-cello; *Par le Sentier*; *Le banc de Mousse* and *Réveil*, for piano; *Matin d'Avril*; *Chanson Mauresque*; *Arioso d'Aben Hamet*; *Cantilène et Duo de la Grive*, from *Xavière*; *Ecce Panis*, Duo with organ accompaniment; *Hymne nuptial*, violin alto, violoncello, harp and organ; *Credo*, Ave Maria, violin, harp, organ and cello; Grand duo d'Aben Hamet; *Valse mélancolique*.

To appear shortly at Mustel's, 168 rue Saint Maur. Pensée Triste, by Alphonse Mustel, Méditation No. 2 and les Caquets au Convent, by Louis Ferlus, all for the harmonium Mustel.

Mlle. Clara Gurtler, a vocal professor associated with Mme. Krauss, gave a pupils' concert on Sunday.

"Just the same, music like that ought not to be made," said Lesueur to Berlioz, overexcited by the Beethoven C minor symphony.

"All right, dear master," returned Berlioz. "No fear that much will."

M. George Devolle, of Boston, sang in the Salle Mathurin, Paris, this week, Italian and English. Mr. Whitehill, of Chicago, brings letters from Melba to French artists. He sang at the anniversary of the Auditorium dedication, and was basso of the Emanuel Baptist Church. Miss Mildred Mead has gone into the family of Artôt Padilla to live, and take lessons of that teacher. To appreciate how nice this is for, her read page 11, April 8, THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Miss Nora Maynard Green, of New York, sails for Paris with a party of eight pupils on the Bretagne, May 30.

Mme. Antoinette Grambilla, a teacher of Italian here, speaks of many American pupils who have been here. For instance, Hattie Sims, of Denver, who made an Italian début; Olympia Barry, of Chicago, also an Italian débutante, since married. Emma Mesheao, of California, who likewise began in Italy and later married a Russian. Mme. Grambilla was a coach for the real Lamperti, and some of these girls were his pupils; she is now teaching in Paris.

An impersonation artist from Madrid, who goes soon to the States, it appears has had his larynx removed, an operation which makes it possible for him to take every part from soprano to basso. He can sing an entire opera alone. Why would not that be a good idea for some singers whereby to become more valuable?

The Miss Aldridge who has been engaged by Mme. Wagner for the coming Bayreuth season is a protégée of Mrs. Walden Pell.

Alphonso Leduc, of Paris, has taken two new organ pieces of Mr. Clarence Lucas, of London. One is dedicated to Mr. Th. Dubois and one to Mr. Clarence Eddy.

They will be published in the series *l'Orgue Moderne*, which M. Widor edits. M. Lucas is an active London musician, critic and teacher of composition, which he studied with Mr. Dubois in Paris.

That Vocal Science Club in New York is working in the right direction. If they will only keep on until they make it impossible for one ignorant of those laws to set up vocal studies they will accomplish something. Otherwise it is waste value.

Nikita has had a serious bicycle accident—collision with a carriage, I believe. She had just returned from Milan, whither she had been invited to confer in regard to creating the rôle of *Mimi* in Puccini's *Vie de Bohème*. More later on.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

No Women Singers.

WOMEN are no longer to be permitted to take any official part either as soloists or as ordinary choristers in the musical portion of the services of the Catholic Church, an exception, however, being made in favor of the chapels of convents. A pastoral letter to this effect has just been addressed by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and Metropolitan and Primate of France, to the bishops and clergy subject to his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and he bases his directions in connection with the matter upon explicit commands lately received from the Congregation of Rites, at Rome.

This congregation is a committee of cardinals specially appointed by the Pope for the interpretation of canon law on the subject of the conduct of the various ceremonies and functions of divine worship. Being furnished with plenary powers, its decisions have to be taken as though given by the Holy Father himself.

It is to the scandal created by the action of certain French clergy in intrusting the solos of the most solemn portion of the high mass to an operatic star, who is just at the present time arousing a considerable amount of unpleasant comment, even in the public press, by reason of her moral shortcomings, that the promulgation of Cardinal Richard's pastoral is attributed. He appears to have consulted the pontiff in person on the subject before issuing it.

Contrary to popular belief, even among the clergy, this decree, which bids fair to revolutionize the methods of public worship that have been in use in the Catholic Church in every part of the world, except Rome, for ages past, is not a new law, but merely the revival of a very old one, which either intentionally or unknowingly had become altogether a dead letter. Few of the American visitors to Rome who have listened to the thrilling notes of the male sopranos of the so-called Sistine Chapel choir, at the Vatican, have known that their enrollment by those prelates in charge of the musical portion of the services at St. Peter's is due to the existence of a law observed only in Rome, forbidding the use of women as choristers and soloists.

In this city Mme. Melba was intrusted with the singing of the solo portions of the musical part of the high mass celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on last Christmas Day. Those who heard her bell-like notes ringing through the vaulted nave will not forget the impression they created. In Paris, too, one finds Sibyl Sanderson singing the solos during mass and vespers at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, while Christine Nilsson, Calvé, Nordica, Eames, Adelina Patti, Albani, and in fact all the leading prime donne of the age, have repeatedly sung in the Catholic churches and cathedrals of France, Spain, Portugal, England and Germany.

During the reign of Napoleon III. the choir of the Imperial Chapel was composed of twelve men and an equal number of women, besides thirty-six boys, the expense entailed by its maintenance amounting to some \$80,000 a year. The first Napoleon was still more liberal in this respect, for it is on record that the choir of his chapel cost him \$150,000 per annum, as much as \$8,000 a year being alone paid to the first tenor, Pasiello, a Neapolitan, who had likewise an imperial carriage, a saddle horse and apartments in the Tuilleries placed at his disposal by Bonaparte. During the latter portion of the empire he had full charge and control of the imperial choir, which had eight women sopranos, Mme. Branch and Mme. Letang being among the most celebrated.

Male adult singers qualified to assume the role of sopranos are less numerous nowadays than they were 200 years ago, and the Sistine Chapel choir is in these modern times unique of its kind. It is composed of thirty-two grown up men, and until the accession to the throne of the present pontiff even boys were not permitted to participate in its performances, not on any ecclesiastical ground, but solely because their voices were not considered to possess the necessary flexibility. The chief of the choir is himself a soprano, the world-famed Chevalier Mustapha, who, in spite of his being well nigh seventy years of age, retains, as does the equally aged soprano, Moreschi, the full range and purity of his voice, which is high and clear, full of exquisite pathos, and entirely devoid of effort, even when it seems to rest on its highest notes, and one finds it difficult to believe that it is the voice of a man—nay, even that it is the voice of a human being.—*Journal*.



STOGLITZER STRASSE, 36-31, BERLIN, W., April 30, 1896.

IN Berlin's music halls the strains of the viol family are no longer heard. The concerts are over. The fiddle has had its say and its full share of attention during the season and has every reason to be content. Many eminent virtuosos have played here and covered themselves with glory. It is true, to be sure, that many, far too many, mediocre and bad violinists have also been heard, but that must be taken as a matter of course. So it is, ever was, and always will be.

Auer, Burmester, Hallr, Joachim, Petschnikoff, Sauret, Serato, Wittek, Gregorowitch, Wirth, Struss, Zajic, and of the ladies Arma Senkrah, Betty Schwabe, Marie Soldat, Gabriele Wietrowetz and Marianna Scharwenk are some of the more important artists who have appeared.

During the last week three great violinists, Sauret, Joachim and Wietrowetz, were heard.

Sauret gave a concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra in the Philharmonie on the 14th, but a few days after his arrival from New York. He played the following program:

Concerto in B minor.....Saint-Saëns
Die Liebesel.....Raff
Romana.....Bruch
Hungarian Airs.....Ernst

Sauret's strong points are best shown off in compositions that require great brilliancy and virtuosity. With the first three numbers he achieved only a moderate degree of success, but with Ernst's Hungarian Airs he turned the Philharmonie upside down and made the audience dance on its head, so great was the enthusiasm. Everybody went wild. His playing of the work was indeed a great feat of virtuosity. He not only played it, he played with it, and the greater the difficulties the more fun he seemed to get out of them.

Sauret is just the man for the Ernst Hungarian Airs; he knows how to interpret them. Severe critics call the composition banal and unfit to be played in first-class concerts. I cannot agree with them. To be sure it is not Bach or Beethoven, but it is grateful, and if well played never fails to rouse an audience. Moreover the work shows off many features of the violin in a characteristic manner.

As an encore Sauret played his favorite fantasia on the sextet from Lucia di Lammermoor, for violin alone. This is not his own composition, as many suppose. He plays a long prelude to it of his own invention, it is true, but this detracts from rather than adds to the interest of the piece, for his own ideas are tedious.

As a second encore he extemporized variations on several different themes. That second encore was a hodge-podge and unworthy of the great Sauret. He might have played a Paganini caprice. As a virtuoso Sauret is great—in some respects unequalled.

On the 18th Gabriele Wietrowetz gave a concert in the Singakademie with the Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of and with the assistance of her teacher, Joachim. Her program consisted of the Bach double concerto in D minor and the Brahms and Mendelssohn concertos.

A heavy program, especially for a lady. The effect was also heavy and somewhat monotonous, due in a measure to the sameness in the keys in the different works. Four great concertos in one evening—a pianist, Miss Else Hall, played the Chopin E minor—and all in the keys of D and E! Joachim played the first violin part in the double concerto. This is not one of Bach's most inspired works and failed to create any great impression, even in the hands of such great artists. Wietrowetz was rather unsteady and nervous, especially in the first movement. More than once master Joachim had to put on the brakes to keep his pupil from running away and upsetting the whole thing. Joachim can

play Bach! There is no denying that, in spite of his sixty-five years.

On the whole Wietrowetz did not shine in the double concerto. Aside from her unsteadiness in keeping time, her tone was often crude and her intonation faulty.

With the Brahms concerto, however, she was more fortunate. This is her favorite work, and her playing of it is in some respects remarkable—so sure, so virile, so like a man! She has a big technic, a free bowing and a musical conception. Her tone, though not large and not always pure and sympathetic, is in the main good. Her playing is on the whole commanding; but she does not touch you, she does not make you long to hear more, she does not reveal those qualities that are most precious in woman.

I must confess that I am not in sympathy with this idea that it is the proper thing for violin players of the fair sex to be wholly and strictly classical and to play chiefly Brahms and Bach. The Brahms violin concerto and a woman do not fit together. This great, ponderous and profound work makes demands on the performer such as a woman cannot possibly meet. I wonder why the concerto is played at all, in fact. I have heard it during the six years I have lived in Germany by many of the greatest violinists of the day, among them Halir, Heermann and Ondricek, but I have never seen an audience aroused to anything resembling interest or enthusiasm by it. How can a concerto, no matter how great ideas it may contain, be a great success when it is written quite in violation of the fundamental principles of violin playing? The Brahms concerto is quite contrary to the nature of the violin. Moreover, it is of itself ungrateful. Of course the Brahms enthusiasts take great delight in it, but violinists who make a repertory piece of it must count on but a moderate amount of success with it. Otherwise they will be disappointed.

But to return to Wietrowetz. With the Mendelssohn concerto, as a matter of course, she had far greater success than with the Brahms. The first half of the first movement she played to perfection. In the cadenza she was disappointing; it was too flighty and on too small a scale. In the last half of the first movement, too, she did not distinguish herself. The andante was played in a straightforward, businesslike fashion, with no sentiment, no tenderness. In the finale the artist did her best work of the evening. This stirring movement was admirably performed in every way.

Wietrowetz is considered by many as Joachim's best female pupil. Others—they are probably about the same in number as Wietrowetz's admirers—say Marie Soldat is by all odds the master's best disciple of the fair sex. Miss Soldat also plays the Brahms concerto. Yet others—and they are many in number—are of the decided opinion that Betty Schwabe is unquestionably the greatest. She, too, plays the Brahms concerto. After hearing them all three I can only say in the words of the poet:

"Tis strange all this difference should be
"Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

I certainly agree with Mr. Floersheim when he says that Miss Schwabe is the most charming of them all, for she possesses beauty—with fiddling girls an important part of the stock in trade—and a pleasing personality. Wietrowetz looks like an unhappy woman. Perhaps she has discovered that art alone cannot satisfy, not even when it brings success.

It may seem to some that I am opposed to violin playing by girls. This is not the case; on the contrary, I find a young lady playing the violin, if she plays well and does not overstep the bounds of *weiblichkeit*, if she does not try to play like a man at the expense of her womanly nature, a delight to the ear and eye. There is much that is feminine about the violin; its graceful curves and gentle outlines suggest feminine beauty, and its wonderful resources as an instrument of expression make it by far the most sympathetic and satisfying of instruments for woman. By all means let our girls study the violin, the more the better, not so much with a view to a public career as from the love of the instrument and the enjoyment to be obtained from it.

In a recent popular Philharmonic concert Emanuel Wirth played Spohr's eighth concerto, the romance from Joachim's Hungarian concerto and the adagio and fugue from the Bach G minor sonata for violin alone.

When Wirth stands before the public and plays the violin he always seems to me like a man out of place. It seems unnatural for him to play the violin. He possesses eminent musical qualifications, but he lacks that which is indispensable to the virtuoso—a violin nature, to coin an expression from the German. For this reason his playing fails to electrify. He can play everything in violin literature, but he can produce no effect with it.

He interpreted the Spohr concerto in a thoroughly musical manner, yet the effect was dreary. In the Joachim number he was no more successful. Bach however is, happily, an exception, a grand exception, in Wirth's repertory. He played those two movements from the G minor sonata admirably. I was astonished at the breadth and volume of tone and the lofty conception. Wirth should restrict him-

self to the compositions of Bach, for in them, and in them alone, he excels. He was loudly applauded after the fugue and gave as an encore another Bach movement.

Wirth is considered by many an excellent pedagogue. I have not yet heard a pupil of his who was in any way remarkable, yet I dare say Wirth is a good teacher. At the Hochschule he, like the other teachers, suffers from being under a man of Joachim's overpowering reputation, and no doubt gets less credit than he deserves. Every violin pupil at that institution desires to have lessons with Joachim, and a very natural desire it is in view of Joachim's fame, notwithstanding the idea that the name of being a pupil of Joachim will bring fame and fortune has long since been exploded by practical demonstration. Joachim's pupils number scores and even hundreds, and yet how few of them are known!

If a pupil at the Hochschule studies three years with Wirth and three weeks with Joachim, he of course gives himself out as a pupil of Joachim, and Wirth gets no credit for his work. Wirth has a large number of private pupils, mostly Americans, who seem well satisfied with their lessons. As for me, I would not care to study with him, because I believe in being under an instructor who not only knows how the thing should be done, but who can also do it himself, and do it effectively. A practical illustration is worth far more than a theoretical one.

Willy Burmester took part in conjunction with Carl Scheidemat and Lillian Sanderson in a concert given on March 24 in Kroll's Theatre, for the purpose of raising a fund for defraying the expenses of the German participants in the Olympic games. Burmester played the adagio from Spohr's concerto, No. 7, in E minor—the adagio itself is in C major—the prelude from the Bach E major sonata for violin alone, the air for the G string and Paganini's *Nel cor piu non mi sento*. I heard him play all of these numbers, except the prelude, repeatedly in those memorable concerts of his during the fall of 1894. At that time I wrote very detailed accounts of his playing. He played then better than on this occasion, which is not to be wondered at, as he had for years been preparing expressly for his Berlin debut. Since then he has traveled extensively, and has been unable to practice steadily. Yet I think his tone has improved in quality. He gave a noble playing of the Spohr adagio. His performance of the Bach prelude was novel and striking, in that he took it at a very fast tempo, as fast as one plays a moto perpetuo. Bach probably did not intend it should be played so fast, yet Burmester brought out every note, every nuance, with exquisite clearness. It was a brilliant performance. Burmester says he has tried the composition in every conceivable tempo, and finds it most effective when played fast.

In the Paganini piece—Burmester's hobby horse—he performed some astonishing feats of virtuosity. His double harmonies, his left hand pizzicato, of often two and three notes, while the bow and unoccupied fingers of the left hand—he apparently has a dozen or more when playing this thing—play the melody; and above all, his rapid runs in fingered octaves, 1-3 and 2-4, are wonderful. He indulged in musical fireworks, and touched off rockets, bombs, firecrackers and whirligigs in great profusion, leaving the air heavy with the smell of powder, brimstone and burnt fingers.

The piece is a musical farce. Burmester does not play it as it is written, but has made numerous changes and additions of his own. Paganini never wrote it down himself; we have it through Carl Guhr, who was a German violinist of note, and Capellmeister at Frankfurt at the time of Paganini's concert tours through Germany. Guhr became greatly enamored of the great Italian virtuoso, and followed him, like Ole Bull and Ernst, for some time on his tours.

Being possessed of a good memory and a perfect ear, he wrote out everything he heard. Of course he did not remember everything exactly as Paganini played it, but he retained the main idea. In his work, Paganini's Art of Playing the Violin, he gives a good insight into Paganini's methods. He contradicts many of the extravagant statements recorded in biographies concerning the artist's tricks. For instance, he says that the common belief that Paganini used to change the pitch of his strings during a piece by a single turn of the pegs is founded on a myth. Paganini, according to him, never retuned while playing. He often tuned the G string half a tone and sometimes a minor third above G; he also frequently played with all of the strings half a tone higher, at F, B flat, E flat, A flat, instead of at E, A, D, G. This he did in the first concerto, *Witches' Dance* and other works. When Guhr first heard the first concerto he was dumfounded. He distinctly heard the orchestra playing in E flat, and he also heard the solo violin executing all of those difficult passages in the same key; he had absolute pitch and was sure of what he heard, and yet he could scarcely believe it, for he knew from the very nature of the solo part that it was exceedingly impracticable, if, indeed, not impossible, to execute it in the key of E flat.

He left that first concerto sorely perplexed, feeling as if he were under the spell of witchcraft. Later on he discovered the secret. Paganini had simply tuned his violin

half a tone higher, playing thereby in E flat, to be sure, but executing really in D, thus diminishing the difficulties three-fourths. In such ways Paganini threw sand in the eyes of the public and caused extravagant stories to be circulated concerning himself.

Paganini had different sets of strings for each different pitch. The G strings to be used at A flat and B flat, and also the other strings to be played on above the normal pitch, he kept constantly strung on another violin used for that purpose only, at the pitch they were to be tuned to when played upon. His changes of strings and pitch were always done behind the scenes between his numbers. He also had different sized strings, the higher the pitch the thinner the strings. In this way he could keep his strings in tune. It would be folly to suppose that a G string that had been at G during one piece could be suddenly turned to B flat and kept there for any length of time.

Answers to Questions.

P. E. C.—I have read that practicing harmonics is a splendid thing for the intonation and for acquiring a sure technic. What is your opinion on this matter?

This is a subject that has often been weighed and discussed on both sides by eminent violinists. Guhr, in his book on Paganini, warmly advocates an exhaustive study of harmonics as a means of perfecting the intonation. David also claimed the same. So did other distinguished violinists. Yet David's own playing did not illustrate his theory satisfactorily, for he is said to have frequently played slightly too sharp. Ernst possessed an astounding execution in all forms of harmonics, yet he played at times, according to competent judges, very noticeably out of tune. Spohr was thoroughly opposed to harmonics. He says: "Even if the harmonics were a gain for art and a valuable addition to violin playing, which good taste could approve of, it would be too dearly bought at the expense of a large full tone, for the two are incompatible, because the artificial harmonics respond to the touch only on thin strings, and on such a big tone is impossible."

Yet Spohr's intonation was faultless, and those who study his seventh and ninth concertos will be convinced that he had a big technic.

However, we must take all of these opinions with a pinch of salt. Spohr was too one-sided and Guhr was too enthusiastic after hearing Paganini's harmonics. The modern violinist must have a thorough knowledge of harmonic playing, yet he must not be too dependent on the natural harmonics, as that would detract from rather than add to his technical certainty. It is very easy to take up the violin and hit the harmonic E one and two octaves above the open E string. But to hit them, stopping the string with a firm touch, is not so easy. After all the best method of perfecting the ear and intonation, as Wasielewski says in his valuable book, *The Violin and its Masters*, is careful scale practice.

F. S.—I lately came across the expression "Tartini's tones." Can you inform me what it means?

By "Tartini's tones" is meant combination tones, also called resultant and difference tones. In playing double stops, if the intervals are in absolutely perfect tune a third tone will be heard. Tartini was the first to discover this phenomenon; he must have had a remarkably acute ear. He laid great stress on it in practicing, as it insured a perfect intonation. He also wrote several elaborate works endeavoring to explain the reason of this third tone. These works were severely criticised by many leading men of science and letters, among others by Rousseau. Tartini's efforts to give the scientific explanation of the phenomenon were in vain. It remained for a great man of science of our own time to do this. This man was Helmholtz. For the full explanation see Helmholtz's *Die Lehre der Tonempfindungen*, page 238.

H. A. L.—How many violin concertos did Spohr compose, and what ones are the best for study?

Spohr wrote seventeen concertos, two of which are double concertos. The greatest of these, both in musical value and for technical study, are Nos. 7, 8 and 9, in E minor, A major and D minor, respectively. These are really great creations and will perpetuate Spohr's name. The first two movements of the sixth, in G minor, are also very valuable. The last movement is weak. The seventh is the most interesting and the most difficult of them all, and the eighth is the easiest and most grateful. In the concertos preceding the sixth the master's style is not yet fully matured, and in those that follow the ninth we find, in the main, a repetition of the foregoing. Yet for students not yet far advanced Nos. 2, 11 and 12 would be profitable study.

A. F.—Conservatory lessons or private lessons—which would you advise?

If you can choose between the two, take private lessons by all means. There are many means why you can make faster progress with private lessons, chief of which are that you get far more personal attention from your instructor, and that you have more time for practice. Yes, you can cut the classes in theory, history of music, orchestra practice, quartet practice, &c., but in that case you will not get a diploma. And then you need theory anyhow.

Several inquirers.—What is the expense of a year's study in Berlin?

That depends entirely on with whom you study and how you live. Some get along on \$400 a year. To make the

most of the advantages here you need at least \$800. The best violin teachers charge \$5 a lesson. However, excellent instruction can be had for \$2.50.

The youthful violinist, Arthur Argiewicz, who last fall entered the Hochschule to study under Joachim, has left the institution and is taking private lessons with Halir again. He found his progress too slow while at the school. With him the institution has lost its most promising violin pupil. Halir speaks in the warmest praise of the boy's progress.

Some people of means have become interested in the ten year old prodigy Leopold Przymysler, and are assisting him financially, so he is no longer traveling about the country, but is studying quietly in this city. The names of these two Polish boys will some day be known wherever the violin is loved and played.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

Edward M. Young.

MR. EDWARD M. YOUNG, whose picture appears on the front page of this issue, is a musician of liberal attainments and enterprise, well known as choir-master of the Morristown (N. J.) M. E. Church, where he directs a mixed chorus of forty voices, and also as director of the Boonton, (N. J.) Choral Union. Mr. Young is also known as a teacher of voice, piano and harmony and as a baritone soloist. With his talented wife, who is a soprano singer, he occupies an artistic studio at Morristown and has managed within recent years to diffuse throughout this section of the country a knowledge and appreciation of music which it was left to his ability and energy to render thus popular.

Six years ago, in starting the Boonton Choral Union, a society of fifty mixed voices, Mr. Young made an important move which has developed excellent results. Mr. Young, who received his musical education in Boston, having studied theory there with such leading authorities as Chadwick and Emery and voice culture with the teacher of Nordica, had always a genius for choral organization.

His first professional work was done in the Far West, where in 1889 in Dakota he succeeded in giving the Messiah, which drew forth flattering comment in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. Mr. Young, with his musical wife, worked hard for the true advancement of music in this part of the West, and left behind him a host of regretful social and artistic friends. The souvenir gold watch presented by his musical admirers at parting Mr. Young carries faithfully always.

A good offer was made the musician in Boston, but on leaving the West Mr. Young preferred the idea of breaking fresh ground with his energies, and accepted the Morristown offer instead. His choir work here became immediately popular, and his earnestness and activity, both as a practicing musician and a teacher, were readily appreciated. The invitation song recitals given with his wife early became the vogue, and as a baritone soloist Mr. Young began to fill incidentally engagements in the vicinity of New York with pronounced success.

Mr. Young was born near Morristown, which, added to the fact of its proximity to New York, made it especially desirable to him. A large class of pupils soon gathered to his studio there, and in addition he comes to teach a large class of private vocal pupils every Saturday in New York.

He managed, however, with all his varied engagements to save sufficient time and energy for the establishment of the Choral Union at Boonton, a station about 10 miles from Morristown. This organization, which has flourished steadily under his direction for six years, has now attained a high standard of excellence. As the vicinity up to Mr. Young's arrival possessed no choral body of any discipline or genuine musical aim his effort becomes so much the more praiseworthy and valuable. The undertaking was a consideration, but with the proper musical ideal in view, the liability to lead there, and the unflinching sincerity and zeal which characterize Mr. Young's efforts, he assumed it hopefully, and results have more than rewarded his just confidence.

The society has given two regular annual concerts, at which the work, brought forward in its high purpose and steady advance, has claimed the serious admiration of the entire musical community. A tremendous musical gap has been filled by the work of the Boonton Choral Union,

which has become a significant educator in this important section of the country.

To what precise extent of development Mr. Young's musical ambition and power to organize may lead it would be hard just now to predict. His most recent effort was in the bringing together a few weeks ago in one large and admirable concert his Boonton Choral Union and Morristown Church choir. The combination was so successful that an eventual fusion of voices, making its headquarters at Morristown, in one vast and important chorus has naturally suggested itself to Mr. Young. The Boonton Chorus went over by special train to Morristown for this concert, and without any combined rehearsal sang a delightful and varied program with the church chorus with positive artistic success. Of course the two bodies had rehearsed with care separately under Mr. Young, but the success of their combined efforts without rehearsal reflected rare credit on the rigor and equality of his drill. This concert, which was an extra affair, evoked the warmest plaudits from press and public and has aroused much enthusiastic speculation for the future.

Mr. Young, in view of the musical need and the appreciation which his thorough equipment has developed, will seek to consolidate matters, making one large choral society from all the available material surrounding, and making of it a secular institution, as it should be, entirely distinct from any church. An organization of this kind in a section of the country as populous and refined as this portion of New Jersey would be a tremendously potent factor and a really brilliant outcome of one man's talented enterprise in a hitherto unworked field.

As a musician Mr. Young is remarkably versatile and a close, serious student, who keeps well abreast of his time. His ideals are scholarly, with a due leaven of poetry and romance in his temperament. His leading gift lies in the ability to handle a chorus, which he does with rarely sympathetic intelligence and authority. He is a most successful teacher of voice, piano, harmony and composition, and even of organ, some organ pupils of his at present occupying good church positions. As a concert baritone he is artistic and successful, and in conjunction with his gifted, musical wife has made himself most popular in song recitals. He has also tried his pen in the field of composition with success. Some songs of his are sung widely, and have become favorites with the musical. He has the melodic gift and decided skill in the writing of an accompaniment. A lullaby, a serenade and a charming lyric, *The Meeting Waters*, published by A. P. Schmitt, of Boston, form a clever song group. *The Meeting Waters* is music set with tactful grace and some novel merit to lines of Elizabeth Whittier, sister of the famous John G. Whittier. The venerable poet was greatly charmed by the setting of his sister's text, and among many precious artistic souvenirs held by Mr. Young he prizes none more than a cordial letter written to thank him for the melodious lyric, and signed "Gratefully thy friend, John G. Whittier."

A setting of the Twenty-third Psalm has also been made by Mr. Young, and was intended to have been ready for performance at the last Boonton Choral concert, but was not issued in time by the publisher. It is said to be an effective bit of writing, and will be simply a good thing deferred to another season.

One of Mr. Young's most successful concert appearances was not so long ago in an impromptu fashion, when he sang upon sudden request in a duet from *Semiramide* with Scalchi. Mr. Young rose from the audience to join the contralto, and, like many another effort unprepared, this proved one of the most vibrant and effective bits of singing in which he had long been heard. The Boston press wrote of it most enthusiastically at the time.

The following from among several notices of the local press on the recent important concert given by the united forces of both Mr. Young's choirs indicate the popular appreciation of the director's work.

The eleventh concert of the Boonton Choral Union was given in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening of this week. The train which brought the Morristown Methodist Episcopal Church choir was detained by a freight train, and the audience was obliged to wait half an hour at least after the time was announced for the concert to begin. The audience waited patiently and accepted the inevitable philosophically. The program was fully carried out and the concert ended in good season. The volume of voices was greatly increased by the Morristown choir, and the choruses, in the rendition of which the Union has always been noted, at once held the attention and interest of the audience. The program began with *Unfold, Ye*

Portals, and ended with the Hallelujah Chorus. Mr. Oldfield, of Boonton, and Mr. Martin, of Morristown, sang the duet, *We are Two Ambassadors*, followed with the chorus, *How Lovely Are the Messengers*. Then there was a duet and chorus, *Festival Jubilate*, by Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Young and the Union and choir. Chorus, *Marvelous Work*, was then given, with solo obligato by Mrs. Young. This was followed with the chorus, *I Waited for the Lord*, with duet obligato by Miss M. A. DeCamp and Mrs. Young. Other choruses and solos were rendered. Miss Nash, as accompanist on the fine church organ, sustained her part admirably.

There was a fairly large audience present, but nothing like the audience at Morristown on Friday evening, when 1,500 listened to the concert. The concert was free in Morristown, given more as a church affair, complimentary to the membership which so liberally sustains Professor Young's choir.

At the close of the concert a reception was given by the Union to the Morristown choir in the chapel of the church.

It was asserted by the *Bulletin* when Professor Young accepted a position at Morristown that he would not lose his interest in Boonton musical affairs. The Boonton public are gratified that we were correct in the statement. A union between the county seat and our little mountain city has been formed which we trust will not be broken.

—Boonton Weekly Bulletin, May 7.

The first concert given by the Morristown Methodist Episcopal Church choir, assisted by local talent and the Boonton Choral Union, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Friday evening last, was a splendid success in every way.

Shortly after the doors were opened every seat was taken, and chairs had to be placed in the aisles to accommodate late comers, and by 8 o'clock, the hour set for the commencement of the concert, scarcely any standing room remained unoccupied. It is estimated that fully 1,500 persons were present.

Promptly at the appointed hour the chorus, numbering nearly a hundred, filed into the church from the chapel, on either side of the platform, and took their respective seats. The program was commenced with *Unfold, Ye Portals*, from *Redemption*, by the chorus, and had it not been the custom for a church audience to remain silent on such occasions it is very certain that all present would have manifested, most enthusiastically, their appreciation of the splendid work done in this piece. The duet, *We are Two Ambassadors*, by Messrs. Oldfield and Martin, and *How Lovely are the Messengers*, by the chorus, gave much satisfaction, as did also the duet by Mr. and Mrs. Young in the *Festival Jubilate*. Sweet and Low, by the chorus, unaccompanied, was given with fine effect, showing that much work had been devoted to the piece. The *Marvelous Work*, from *Creation*, by the chorus, with solo obligato by Mrs. Young, and *I Waited for the Lord*, by the chorus, with duet obligato by Miss DeCamp and Mrs. Young, were very acceptably rendered.

After a brief intermission, Part 2 of the program was begun with Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer*, Mrs. Young taking the solo. This piece was lengthy, and although extremely difficult, was handled with ease and precision, and the rendition of the solo by Mrs. Young was brilliant and effective. Gloria in Excelsis, by the chorus, came next, and was followed by the Hallelujah Chorus, the closing piece, both of which were well rendered.

The chorus and Mr. Dobbins, the accompanist, deserve special praise for the manner in which they did their work, and much credit is also due Professor Young, in that he brought the two choruses together with such good result without having previously had even a single joint rehearsal.

Such a treat is rarely offered the people of our city, and it is hoped that similar musical entertainments may occur frequently in the future.

At the close of the concert the chorus repaired to Day's, where a bountiful collation awaited them.

On Tuesday evening of this week the Boonton Choral Union, assisted by the Morristown Methodist Episcopal Church choir and other singers who participated in the Friday evening concert, gave their eleventh concert in the Presbyterian church at Boonton to a large and appreciative audience. The same program as that given here was used, and was rendered throughout in an excellent manner. —*The Jerseyman, Morristown, N. J., May 5.*

It is not given to every artist-worker to reap the fruit of his labors with the consistent rapidity and surety which have attended the efforts of Mr. Young. He cast his lines in needful places and backed his enterprise and activity by a thorough musical equipment. Things have grown visibly beneath his hand, and he has gathered in steady and encouraging increase laurels of true musical growth and the sterling appreciation of the community.

As director, teacher, artist and composer Mr. Young is a significant factor in the wealthy and accomplished Morristown territory, and a guiding force which its people could not permit themselves to miss.

Mlle. Sanda (Miss Willy Sandmeyer).—In the Duo and Strophes from *Lakmé* in an operatic performance recently given in Paris by Mme. Marchesi, Mlle. Sanda won merited praise from an enthusiastic house and from the French papers, musical and secular. Her voice, full, large and clear, is well in hand, and she has been trained in the best school of French acting. Mlle. Sanda is well equipped for the operatic stage, having command of Italian, German, French and English.



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BOSTON, MASS., May 17, 1896.

THE accuracy and the wide learning of Mr. Otto Floersheim are so well known to me that I rubbed my eyes the harder when I saw his remarks concerning symphonies by Italians.

His original statement was in substance this: Martucci's symphony, performed recently in Berlin, is the first symphony written by an Italian.

This statement is thus modified by him in THE MUSICAL COURIER of May 13: "I should have said the first one published by an Italian, and then I would have been unassailable in my statement."

I regret to say, for I am not naturally disputatious, that this latter statement is incorrect.

Mr. Floersheim says in THE MUSICAL COURIER of May 13: "As for Sgambati's D major symphony, Mr. Hale's statement that it was played in Boston in 1874 holds good, and I can add to it that Nicodé also performed the same work in Dresden in one of his symphony concerts during the season of 1893-4. Both performances were given from a written copy of the composer's manuscript. The work itself has never been published, and has since been entirely withdrawn by the composer. So far as the public (all those who have not heard one of the two performances above enumerated, and among which multitude I am included) are concerned, this symphony does not exist: neither does there another one of Sgambati, although Mr. Hale mentions two."

For "played in Boston in 1874," read "played in Boston in 1894."

Sgambati's Symphony No. 1, D major, op. 16, was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, November 10, 1894, under Mr. Paur. It was not then played from "a written copy of the composer's manuscript." It was played from published score and parts. Through the courtesy of Mr. Sauerquell, librarian of the orchestra, I have seen the said score and parts.

The title page is as follows: "Sinfonia in Re per grande orchestra eseguita il 28 Marzo, 1881, alla corte del Quirinale, composta da G. Sgambati, op. 16." And who published it? "Les Fils de B. Schott, Mayence."

There is a copy of the score of this symphony in the Boston Public Library, open to the inspection of all. The symphony appears in Schott's catalogue of 1891, the latest catalogue I can find in Boston.

This first symphony of Sgambati was played in New York by an orchestra under Mr. Van der Stucken in December, 1894. It was played at the Crystal Palace June 10, 1892. It was played in Paris at the Trocadéro in 1884. It has been played in towns in Italy and Germany.

But this is not the only symphony of Sgambati. The second is in E flat minor, and three movements of it were played under the direction of the composer at the Tonkünstler-Versammlung at Cologne in June, 1897.

The third symphony, entitled Sinfonia Epitalamia, was written in honor of the wedding of the Duke of Aosta in 1888. It is in three movements, "in church," "in the garden" and "at court." This work, far inferior, it is said, to the first symphony of the composer, was played under his direction at a Philharmonic concert in London, May 14, 1891.

My statement that Franco Faccio wrote a symphony in F major about 1868 rests on Riemann's Musik-Lexikon (Leipzig, 1894), page 288; the appendix to Grove's Dictionary, article "Faccio," page 631. I admit that Grove's Dictionary is often inaccurate, but this article in question was written by a careful man, J. A. Fuller-Maitland. Mr. Augusto Rotoli tells me that Faccio's symphony is known to musicians in Italy, although he himself never heard it or saw it.

Now let me add to the list a symphony in E minor by Franchetti. The movements are allegretto un poco agitato, larghetto, scherzo, allegro vivace. This symphony was played by the orchestra of La Scala in Milan, April 23, 1888. Faccio was the conductor. See the first supplement (page 5) to La Scala, by Pompeo Cambiasi, published by Ricordi & Co.

Mr. Floersheim says: "For nearly two days I waded through Cherubini, published, manuscript and copied works, catalogues and all, but I failed to find a Cherubini symphony or a trace or a mention of one."

Nevertheless, Cherubini wrote a symphony.

In proof of my statement I first call Cherubini a witness. He was as methodical as he was industrious, and he himself drew up a catalogue of his works. Here is the title of the catalogue: "Catalogue général par ordre chronologique des ouvrages composés par moi, Marie Louis Charles Zenobi Salvador Cherubini, né à Florence le 14 septembre de l'année 1760." This catalogue, with a preface by Bottée de Toulmon, was published at Paris in 1845. Under the head "Année 1815" appears this sentence: 168. Symphonie composée à Londres pour le dit concert (concert philharmonique), commencée en mars, terminée le 24 avril. Gr. partit., MS. O. 102 p." Among the works composed that year are three others written for London: An overture, Inno Alla Primavera, for four voices and instrumental accompaniment; an air in English composé à Londres pour Madame C.

Surely this is the first and the final authority. But see Fétis' Biographie des Musiciens, vol. II., p. 270; Cherubini, by Dieudonné Denne-Baron (Paris 1862), p. 29, where the author says, "In 1815 he (Cherubini) dedicated to the Philharmonic Society of London a symphony and an overture for full orchestra, and he made a journey to England, where they offered him by way of respect the direction of the concert at which these works were played."

F. J. Crowest in his life of Cherubini (London (1890), p. 67, says, "The Philharmonic Society of London, which had only recently been formed, came forward and offered Cherubini the sum of £200 for a symphony, an overture and a composition for the voice. This was in 1815. It need hardly be said that Cherubini fulfilled the contract to everyone's satisfaction. The symphony in D and overture in G were performed on the 1st of May and the 3d of April, respectively, and have ever since been regarded as exceptionally attractive musical productions by the habitués of these concerts."

My friend Mr. John Kautz, of Albany, N. Y., a man deeply versed in all branches of musical literature, calls my attention to the 188th page of Hanslick's Geschichte des Concertwesens in Wien (Vienna, 1869): "Der Cherubini-Cultus in Wien war auf allen musikalischen Gebieten in den zwanziger und dreissiger Jahren überaus lebhaft; in den Spirituel-Concerten (die doch nur immer wenige Nummern brachten) finden wir in den Jahren 1825-29 Cherubini mit 9 Stücken vertreten (worunter ganze Messen), in den Jahren 1830-40 erscheint Cherubini 22 mal (16 geistliche Compositionen und 6 Overturen und Sinfonien."

I think I have established beyond doubt these two propositions: (1) Sgambati's first symphony was published as well as composed before the symphony of Martucci. (2) Cherubini wrote a symphony that has been played in at least two prominent cities.

Mr. Floersheim has kindly offered to give a champagne supper in Boston in case the correction stands against him.

Now I am a simple man, with simple tastes. I may say with Thackeray in his imitation of "Persicos odi."

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss."

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tiddle my ale in the shade."

In other words, when you come over here let us have beer, plain beer, Mr. Floersheim. I know a quiet house in Hayward place where we can get the beer dear to Bohemians, the Bohemians of geography. There let us sit and talk over days and nights in Berlin. It is twelve years since I have seen the town, and the sitters about the table in a little restaurant near the Potsdam bridge are now widely scattered. Some are in London, prospering. Some are in New York. And I, alone, am in a village where no one is expected to be hungry or thirsty after 11 p.m. But, Mr. Floersheim, we'll start in early.

The eleventh season of the promenade concerts in Music Hall opened the 11th. Mr. Max Zach then made his début here as a conductor. The program included a march and two waltzes, overtures by Nicolai and Adam, Liszt's polonaise in E, Massenet's Scènes pittoresques, pot-pourris, &c. Mr. Zach conducted with firmness and taste.

Have you ever seen Boston unbending at a Pop. concert? To the earnest student of sociology it is a pathetic sight. Some in the audience glare because there is the sound of talking and laughter while the band plays. I fear these lovers of music miss sadly the analytical programs of Brother Aphorhp, and they listen intently, as though they expected an examination before departure. There are some who drink beer furtively, as though they were snatching a horrid joy. The trouble with these concerts is that the audiences are not educated down to them. There should be preparatory lectures on the Art of Listening to Light Music. I should not be surprised if some of the frequenters petitioned for a "symphony night" each week. Lord, Lord, this dreary cant about the educational power of music, and how even at a promenade concert the mind may be corrupted by immoral overtures and dissipated dances!

There are some who look skew-eyed at the drinkers of beer. At such concerts, however a good musician can get along without music, but he must have beer. Or, as a friend said the other night as he saw pretty women smiling—whose names by the way are not in the Blue Book—and honest fellows drinking beer and blowing tobacco smoke, "This would be very pleasant, if it were not for the music." It appears that music irritates him, dags him, to use his own expression. I confess I do not share his opinion. To me amiable or jolly music with beer recalls the maxim of William Maginn: "As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements."

This reminds me that last week I received at the Journal office a letter from a woman who signed a name that I cannot believe to be her own. She wrote as follows: "I noticed the other day in a New York paper that the superintendent of the Kings County Jail, with hundreds of prisoners, was trying to organize a choir, because he believes that music has a moral effect on the convicts. He found some singers, one cornetist and a very large number of church organists. Now, why is it that there were so many organists? Does playing a church organ spoil a man's disposition and corrupt his character? Are most organists fierce, bad men? My daughter is engaged to the organist of our church, and I would really like to have these questions answered, for I don't know what to do, I



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am that worried. I wish this answered before my daughter returns from a visit to her aunt."

This was, indeed, an appeal from the heart, and I answered her about as follows: There was a time when organists were held in disrepute as a base set of maltworms and tosspots. Thus we find the Rev. Arthur Bedford, M. A., Chaplain to his Grace Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford and Vicar of Temple in the City of Bristol, denouncing them: in *The Great Abuse of Musick* (1711). "The Organists of Cathedral and Parochial Churches do us the most Mischief. They who guide the Congregation in Singing Praises to God, do afterward compose Tunes for the Synagogues of Satan, revel at a Tavern or an Ale house, in Serving the Devil, and teach such Songs as are Incentives to Profaneness, Atheism and Debauchery. * * * It is lamentable to consider that when a Man comes to Church for the Good of his Soul in hopes that everything there shall increase his Devotion, the Musick Serves only to increase his Distraction, and he can scarcely ever hear anything from the Finger of the Organist, which tends to Gravity and Sobriety, but a wanton light Air as if designed to spoil the endeavours of the Minister in all the Offices of our excellent Church and banish from the House of God every serious Thought."

But organists now are men of exemplary lives, who after their departure from this world leave a sweet savor behind them. I need not look beyond Boston. There is Mr. Samuel Carr, organist of the New Old South. He is not only intrusted with an organ, he is trustee of large estates, by which he profits hugely in this world's goods, and he is trustee of the Public Library. Truly a sober, godly man. An amateur organist, but still an organist. Then there is our old friend Mr. Lang, organist of King's Chapel, a model for the young. He does not drink, swear or gamble; neither does he use tobacco in any form. If the youth mentioned by the perplexed woman is his pupil she should not hesitate a moment, for he will prosper and at the age of sixty will undoubtedly lead all the singing societies in Boston and neighboring towns. There are others.

Pianists and composers are apt to be irritable and vain. Fiddlers are inclined toward poker. Singers are often naughty persons. Oboe players have an unfortunate tendency to go mad. I do not believe that a cornetist can be a good man. But organists are meek, obedient, long-suffering, industrious, the very timber for ideal sons-in-law. I do not believe that the report which alarmed my unknown correspondent is true.

* * *

A War Time Wedding, opera in three acts, libretto by C. T. Dazey and Oscar Weil and music by Oscar Weil, was produced for the first time in this city by the Bostonians at the Tremont Theatre May 14.

You have probably heard this opera. Do you remember with pleasant feelings the evening passed in the discharge of duty? The book is dull; the story is one of melodramatic triteness, told at yawn provoking length. The gloom is enlarged by the introduction of comic scenes for Mr. Barnabee, the celebrated New England comedian. And yet I have never seen Mr. Barnabee when he was so audacious in his merrymaking; he actually had the nerve to sing the Cork Leg, a song that laid years ago the foundation of his reputation as an irresistible humorist. The music is for the most part as dull as the libretto. The best numbers are the opening chorus and the ensemble beginning with the Ave Maria in the first act. The choruses were admirably sung. Miss Helen Bertram showed dramatic feeling in song rather than in action. Mrs. Bartlett Davis gave a boisterous exhibition of passion. Miss Neilsen pleased by freshness of voice and archness that was not too self-conscious. The other parts were taken respectably in a conventional fashion.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, May 16, 1896.

A vesper service has been arranged at the Central Church which will continue through May and June. These musical services are attracting large congregations. The quartet consists of Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, soprano; Miss Katherine Ricker, contralto; Mr. Thayer, tenor, and Mr. Arthur Wellington, bass. The organist is Mr. Burdett. Dr. Clarke, the pastor of the church, is well known.

Miss Gertrude Walker has been filling concert engage-

ments in Roxbury, Arlington and Portland, Me., during the past week.

Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers has played harp solos at several of the spring festivals with the Boston Festival Orchestra.

Miss Emma Juch has several engagements in New England during the month of May. On the 9th she sang *The Creation* with the St. Louis Choral Society.

On Wednesday evening, May 13, Mr. F. W. Wodell, one of the prominent teachers of singing of Boston, gave a musical in the Pierce Building, Copley square. Mr. Wodell sang arias by Gounod, Haydn, Schubert's Young Nun, and a group of smaller songs. He was assisted by Miss Carolyn Belcher, violinist; Miss L. E. Waitt, pianist, and his pupil, Mr. J. M. Swift, a young singer of much promise, who was heard with pleasure in songs by Buck, Shelley and Wellings.

The annual operatic musical given by the pupils of Mr. Charles R. Adams will take place Tuesday evening, May 25, in Union Hall. Program:

Lohengrin, Act II, Scenes 1 and 2, Wagner. *Elsa*, Mrs. Helen Haynes; *Ortruda*, Miss Anna Belle Van Vleck; *Telramund*, Mr. G. W. Mull.

Romeo and Giulietta, Act IV., Gounod. *Giulietta*, Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan; *Gertrude*, Miss Ella Candage; *Romeo*, Mr. Meriam Bruce; *Capuleto*, Mr. C. H. Bennett; *Fra Lorenzo*, Mr. U. S. Kerr.

Lucia, Mad scene, Donizetti. *Lucia*, Mrs. A. Sophia Markee. Musicians from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Max Zach director.

The German concert society, Fidelio will give a testimonial concert to Dr. Louis Kelterborn in Association Hall next Friday evening.

A grand organ recital will be given in the new Tremont Temple next Monday evening by Mr. J. Frank Donahue and Loraine Holloway, assisted by Miss Lillian B. Cooke, mezzo soprano, and Mr. Thomas E. Johnson, tenor.

The New Bedford Lyceum has voted to give the New Bedford Choral Association their net income for the year, which amounts to \$234.41.

The Wellesley College Beethoven Society will give a concert in the chapel next Monday evening. Prof. Junius W. Hill will officiate as conductor, and Miss Elizabeth C. Cheney as accompanist, assisted by Miss Mary A. Stowell, pianist.

Miss Jean Willard plays in Mattapan Saturday evening at an entertainment given at the parish rooms of the Church of the Holy Spirit. On Sunday afternoon she plays before the club of New Hampshire's Daughters, which is convened at the Vendome. Miss Willard has been studying all the winter with Mrs. Philip Hale.

There was a matinee musicale on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Fairlawn, West Newton.

The concert in the music rooms in the Chickering factory of Thursday afternoon was most artistic in every way. Mrs. Perkins sang finely and Miss Bliven played in a most delightful way. Mrs. Perkins, who is one of Miss Munger's pupils, has made a great impression wherever heard and the promise for next season is most flattering.

Mrs. A. G. Titus, who has just returned from abroad, has been engaged as soprano in the Parliament Quartet at Music Hall and Mrs. Louise Bruce Brooks as contralto. Mr. O. J. Hackett is the tenor and Mr. Sanford Keith Gurney bass. These two young soloists have met with great success this past year.

There will be a concert by Melourgia in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, May 19.

Mr. Louis C. Elson is booked for a dozen lectures during the summer. One course at Saratoga, last week of July; a course at Ludington, Mich., first week in August, and a course at Bay View, Mich., second week in August.

Miss Ellen S. Cornell will give a concert in Union Hall on Thursday evening, assisted by Miss Hussey. Both these young ladies are pupils of Mme. de Berg-Lofgren, she having been their only teacher.

The second annual choir festival of St. John's Church, Providence, R. I., was held in the church under the direction of Mr. William Eccles, organist and choirmaster. The order of the services was as follows: Hymn 401, G. C. Martin, congregation; proper Psalms, 24th, 47th, 108th; Magnificat (in E), H. Gadsby; Nunc Dimittis (in C), H. Gadsby; anthem, Whoso Dwelleth Under the Defence of the Most High, G. C. Martin; Hymn 374, G. F. Elvey, congregation; anthem, Be Merciful Unto Me, O God, E. A. Sydenham; anthem, Jesu, Word of God Incarnate, Mozart; Hymn 32, Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name,

E. J. Hopkins; hymn-anthem, My God, I Thank Thee, J. Barnby; Te Deum Laudamus (in D), O. King; Hymn 396, J. B. Dykes, congregation; benediction.

In addition to the regular quartet and chorus choir of St. John's, who occupied their usual place in the chancel, the choir of the Church of the Messiah were stationed in the west gallery by the old organ. They assisted in the singing of the service and hymns, the anthems being performed by St. John's choir alone. The antiphonal singing of the Psalter was very effective, and the anthems were sung with befitting dignity and expression. There was a marked improvement in the work of St. John's choir over that of a year ago. The chorus is a well balanced one, and the promptness of attack, good quality of tone, and careful attention to rhythmic and dynamic details reflect credit upon themselves and their conductor. The program included compositions of some of the best modern writers for the church service. There was a large audience, who listened to and participated in the service with evident pleasure and interest.

A very enjoyable concert was given at the Boston Art Club by Mrs. Harriet R. Morgan, soprano; Mrs. William T. Clark, contralto; Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harp; Mr. William Howard, violin, and the Sappho Quartet—Mrs. Heinrich Unverhau, first soprano; Mrs. Mabel L. Barber, second soprano; Mrs. William T. Clark, first alto; Miss Lucie A. Tucker, second alto—Mrs. William Howard, Mr. Charles P. Scott, pianists. The program included selections from the works of Emery, Wieniawski, Nevin, Mrs. Beach, Massenet, Froelich, Moszkowski, Chaminade, Abt and Schuecker. The audience gave frequent evidence of appreciation.

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 13, 1896.—The second annual festival of the New Hampshire Philharmonic Association opened at the Opera House to-night. It was Nordica night, and a great audience welcomed her.

The most brilliant group of singers ever convened in Manchester rendered the festival's opening program. Besides Mme. Nordica, Carl Dufft, Carlotta Desvignes and Barron Berthald were heard. Henry Blaisdell directed an orchestra of forty pieces, made up largely from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the festival chorus of 150 voices.

Mme. Nordica sang the Beethoven aria, Ah, Perfido and the aria from Tannhäuser, Dich Theure Halle. In response to the wildest of applause she contributed, between smiles, a half dozen encore songs.

Miss Desvignes sang the Händel aria, Lascio Chio Planga and the scena from Samson et Delila. She bore off her deserved share of the laurels.

Dr. Dufft sang in splendid style the prologue from I Pagliacci.

Barron Berthald made a remarkable impression. He sang Sigmund's love song from Die Walküre and Verdi's Gerusalemme.

The Rigoletto Quartet carried the house by storm.

The chorus was heard in the Hail, Bright Abode, from Tannhäuser, the Awake, from Der Meistersinger, and the Unfold, Ye Portals, from the Redemption. The chorus was strong and well balanced.

The orchestra played the Tannhäuser overture fairly well, and Raff's fantasia, Abends, capably.

At the second and third concerts of the New Hampshire Philharmonic Society's music festival the Festival Orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Helen Winslow Potter and Jacques Hoffmann. It was Mrs. Potter's first appearance in Manchester. Mr. Hoffmann's work was admirable.

In the evening there was a large attendance. The oratorio Elijah was given, the soloists being Mme. De Vere-Sapio, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, Barron Berthald and Carl Dufft. The oratorio was grandly presented.

Nathan Pupils' Piano Recital—The first piano recital by the pupils of Mrs. M. Nathan, assisted by Miss Clara Brandeis, dramatic soprano, was given in Room 337 Carnegie Hall on Friday afternoon, May 8. The young people were all students dating from six months to a year.

To Go or Not to Go.—Carl Wolfsohn, of Chicago, leaves for Europe on the Normannia June 11. Dr. F. Ziegfeld, president of the Chicago Musical College, may not be able to visit Europe this year, as the entries for the college begin in August and will require much of his personal attention. If, however, he should go he would visit the North Cape.

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21 Princes Street, Cavendish Square,
LONDON, W., May 9, 1896.

THE opera season at Covent Garden opens on Monday night with Jean de Reszké as *Romeo* and Mme. Eames as *Juliet*. Signor Mancinelli will conduct. On Tuesday *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Hänsel and Gretel* will be brought forward with Mesdames Macintyre, Brazzi, Melba, Meisslinger and Bauermeister and MM. Ancona, Bispham and De Lucia. *Favorita* is put down for Wednesday with Mme. Mantelli, Mlle. Bauermeister, MM. Plançon and Ancona. On Thursday Miss Margaret Reid will make her début in the part of *Nedda*, and Miss Marie Engle will sing *Baucis*. On Friday night Jean de Reszké will make his second appearance as *Faust* to the *Marguerite* of Mme. Eames, and on Saturday night Mme. Albani will make her first appearance as *Elsa*. No novelties will be brought forward this season, or at least none are contemplated, as far as I can find out at the present moment.

Nothing in the English opera season at Drury Lane calls for special mention, except perhaps that the performance of *Die Walküre* on Saturday was one of the best performances of that opera that have ever been given in London. Seldom have we heard such well balanced work from the orchestra. Mr. Hedmond, as *Siegfried*, made decided strides in advance of his previous representations of the character, showing how much better he can do when relieved of the responsibilities of the management. Mr. David Bispham's *Wotan* is full of interest and totally devoid of that monotony which so many singers infuse into the ponderous part, and Mme. Dumia's experience and beautiful voice enabled her to give a very satisfactory interpretation of the rôle of *Sieglinde*. At a morning performance of *Carmen* on Saturday a new prima donna, Mme. Sylva, sang the title rôle with fair success.

As I said last week, Señor Sarasate will give three concerts this season, one orchestral and two recitals, taking place on June 6, 13 and 20. Instead of Madame Berthe Marx being associated with him at the piano Dr. Otto Neitzel will play.

Mr. L. J. Sajous, an American baritone, who has been studying for some four years in Milan and has had some experience in opera in Italy, is in London for the season.

I have just learned that M. Dubois has been appointed

director of the Paris Conservatoire. This meets with general approval in London.

Madame Patti gives her first London concert next Tuesday.

Herr Stavenhagen while he was here to conduct a concert on Thursday night arranged for a provincial tour next November.

The noted pianist and musician Wilhelm Kube has just published his reminiscences, and very interesting reading they make. The book opens with his remembrances of Paganini, and closes with an autograph letter from Sir Arthur Sullivan received on Mr. Kube's jubilee. As he has been more or less acquainted with representative musicians during the past sixty years, he has given in readable form a great many interesting incidents in the lives of these musicians, and the book is destined to become very popular.

Miss Mary Forrest, who has gained celebrity as a singer of German Lieder in Germany and Austria, is to give a concert in the small Queen's Hall on the 29th inst., when she will be associated in duets with Mrs. Katharine Fisk. By the way, Mrs. Fisk has just completed arrangements to visit America next spring, where she is engaged to sing in several performances of *Samson and Delilah*. Her magnificent work in the latter rôle has established her as a great favorite on this side, and those of my American readers who have the good fortune to hear her will certainly be proud of their countrywoman.

Another concert agency has been opened in London under the title of the Fritz Willeringhaus Concert Direction, at 62 Berners street.

Mr. Edwin O. Sach's work on *Modern Opera Houses and Theatres* will be issued in a few days. This promises to be a valuable book for reference.

The National Music Trades Exhibition, which holds its second annual show in Agricultural Hall between July 10 and 21, is offering over £1,000 in prizes for competition, including one for organ, one violin, two piano (one professional and one amateur), one each soprano, contralto, tenor and baritone, a brass band contest and a choral contest.

Last Saturday a grand art and industrial exhibition was opened at Cardiff. One of the features of the exhibition will be the presence, until the closing in October, of the different leading military bands of the British army in succession. These arrangements have been perfected through Mr. Daniel Mayer, and at the end of this month the Prince of Wales will visit the exhibition, when the band of the First Life Guards, of which he is colonel, will be in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Visetti, who have many friends in America, as Mrs. Visetti is from Philadelphia, and her husband is well known through many of his pupils over there, gave a charming musical in honor of M. Gabriel Fauré last week. Many of the leading lights of the musical and social world were present, and a program of M. Fauré's compositions was interpreted by well-known artists.

M. Panzani, the well-known French vocal teacher, has arrived in London, and is already busy with his pupils here.

A new feature, under the title of the Winter Entertainment Company, has been the outgrowth of the work of an enterprising concert giver in Liverpool. He has arranged now to give a series of concerts taking place on four days of the week, one being in Liverpool and the other three at

different important suburbs, so that by giving the artists these four engagements following each other practically in the same town he gets concessions from them, and at the same time appeals to a much larger public. He first started in one of the suburbs of Liverpool, and has gradually developed this plan to its present state. He has lately completed many of his engagements for next season through Mr. Daniel Mayer, and has already contemplated extending the performances from four to six each week.

The last sale of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, principally of stringed instruments, amounted to £854. This is quite a small sale, as sometimes this well-known firm realizes some thousands in these exchanges, which occur at more or less frequent intervals.

The Erard piano has had a triumph lately. It is worthy of mention that the directors of the Hotel Cecil, which by the way is the largest hotel in Europe and covers over 2 acres of land, and which has just been completed in the Strand, have chosen the Erard grand pianos, with patent resonators, out of all competitors. As this choice was made in open market it cannot but reflect much credit on these instruments. Speaking of the resonator I quote herewith what the *Whitehall Review* recently said about it:

"It is a well-known fact that the tone of even the best piano is apt to become harsh or metallic after a few years' wear. To obviate this Mr. Daniel Mayer, the talented director of Messrs. S. & P. Erard, introduced what is known as the 'Resonator.' This instrument can be affixed to any piano no matter what make or age or condition, the effect being to completely restore the tone, not only to a state of mechanical perfection, but to permanently add a sweetness and a peculiar 'singing' quality that has hitherto been attempted in vain. As a natural consequence Messrs. Erard have been overwhelmed with orders. The charge for affixing the patent is rather less than 25 per cent. of the cost of the piano. Thus for a slight outlay a worn out instrument can be rendered equal in tone to the most expensive. This is a great boon to the musical world. Messrs. Erard are exhibiting at the present time a large and unique collection of decorated pianos, being extremely suitable for wedding presents. Moreover, the firm has the finest selection in the world of the most elegant of all musical instruments—the harp."

The Carl Rosa Opera Company completes its season at Edinburgh next week, when it will return to London, and engagements will be made for the forthcoming season.

The firm of Lipp & Sohn, piano manufacturers, has just given me two original letters, which illustrate the knowledge of some people of that instrument, and I take pleasure in quoting them herewith.

"Memorandum to Lipp & Sohn:

"Please let us know if you manufacture pianos for export that can be taken to pieces and packed in packages not exceeding 160 pounds gross. If you do, please quote us price, and if you issue catalogues please send us one. The piano we require is for a tropical climate."

"GENTLEMEN—I have just returned to town, and shall be pleased if you will send an intelligent man to tune my wife's piano in regular course, and, if possible, to slightly lower the pitch in tuning. I beg to say it was not well done last time. The tuner either took no interest in it or had no knowledge of the theory of the chromatic scale. The desk, too, will have, I think, to be brought away to have Hood's

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patent put on it, or be replaced. Yours respectfully, X. P. S.—I should like the bass half of the piano brought down to tune of treble half, not the right half screwed up to the pitch of the left."

The Imperial Institute starts its summer season to-day. The Monte Carlo Orchestra will be one of the chief attractions. In addition there will be shown colonial and Indian productions, ancient armor, motors, horseless carriages, sporting trophies and curiosities.

Mr. Hamish McCunn has a Scotch opera to the Marquis of Lorne's libretto in his portfolio, and it is reported that he likewise proposes to write another opera to a book by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

Dr. Villiers Stanford's Shamus O'Brien will be withdrawn from the Opéra Comique on the 23d inst., when the tenancy expires. Preparations are being made to send the Irish opera on tour through the provinces with two companies, and the second will probably open in Edinburgh on August 1.

Eugen d'Albert gave his first recital on Friday in St. James' Hall. At this he considerably heightened the impression that he had made at his former appearance at the Mottl concert on the preceding Tuesday evening. The hall was perhaps not over half full, but from the success he achieved doubtless his other recitals will be well attended. Those who heard him some years ago must have noticed considerable change in his playing. His tone seems to have broadened and his bravura to have increased, while he plays with the same intelligence that has always characterized his work. A nocturne by Chopin he played with more intelligence than real feeling. In a valse caprice by Liszt, which was given as an encore, I listened in vain for the clearness and delicacy of Sauer. It must be admitted that as an all round musician and interpreter of music d'Albert occupies a very high place among living pianists.

His program opened with the Passacaglia, in C minor, by Bach-d'Albert, horribly difficult, but played magnificently. It was followed by Beethoven's Appassionata, the playing of which was simply wonderful, especially the first and last movements. Schumann was represented by the well known fantasia in C; Chopin by a nocturne in B major (seldom played), and the A flat polonaise; Schubert, by a moment musical in G. After the difficult waltz, Man lebt nur einmal, by Strauss-Tausig, which brought the performer a burst of applause, and which was followed by Liszt's Liebestraum, the *pièce de résistance* was served in the form of the Don Juan Fantasia, by Liszt, a heavy meal, indeed. At its conclusion, the audience arose shouting and calling for an encore, which was granted.

The principal feature of the Philharmonic concert on Wednesday night was M. d'Albert's appearance there, when he awakened great enthusiasm in Liszt's concerto in E flat. The orchestral numbers of this program included Schumann's symphony in E flat; Beethoven's overture Fidelio, in E; a new orchestral suite, In Fairyland, by Mr. F. H. Cowen, which may be considered a supplement to his Language of Flowers. The best sections are indeed a bright allegretto, in which the "immortal nymphs, serenely pure, in love with their own shadows," are apostrophized, a dance of gnomes and an andantino entitled Moonbeam Fairies, in which the strings are muted and a glockenspiel is introduced. The vocal part was supplied by Misses Florence and Bertha Salter, who sang vocal duets.

Madame Frickenhaus, who in spite of her German name is an English pianist, gave a matinee in St. James' Hall on the 20th ult., when she was assisted by Mr. Simonetti (violin) and Mr. Paul Ludwig (cello). They played the interesting trio of Saint-Saëns, op. 92, very well indeed. Madame Frickenhaus played as her solos Grieg's Prelude and Rigaudon, Chopin's Nocturne, op. 15, No. 1, and Raff's Fairy Tale, in the scholarly, refined style for which she is noted, refusing an encore, which the audience endeavored to obtain. Miss Crossley was the vocalist.

In the same hall on Monday Miss Frances Allitsen, one of our leading English composers, gave a concert, principally of her own compositions, which were interpreted by Miss Macintyre, Miss Esther Palliser and other well-known artists.

Miss Muriel Elliott gave an orchestral concert on Wednesday evening which excited an unusual amount of interest. The young pianist had set herself the big task of playing three concertos in one evening. Herr Stavenhagen came over to conduct a fine orchestra of sixty-eight per-

formers, all of whom gave their services in honor of the memory of the late Olaf Svendsen, who, with Miss Alice Clinton, adopted Miss Elliott and provided her with a musical education. She first made her appearance five years ago at Weimar at an orchestral concert conducted by Herr Richard Straus.

On Wednesday night she showed that the early estimate of her powers was well founded, and at the end of the third concerto the audience gave ample evidence that her talent was appreciated and her value recognized. Beethoven's concerto in C, which came first on the list, was rendered with a thorough command of technic, the most difficult passages being played clearly and evenly without the slightest apparent effort, and with wonderful lightness and brightness in the rondo finale. The opening movement of the Schumann concerto was not quite so satisfactory, but the intermezzo we have never heard played with more true feeling and beauty of tone. The third, Stavenhagen's own concerto in B minor, was familiar to most present, as the composer himself played the solo part at one of the Philharmonic concerts last season. In this Miss Elliott was again successful, showing no sign of fatigue from her previous efforts, and satisfactorily proving that in technic she has nothing to learn.

Among other concerts given during the past week was one by the new monthly musical magazine called *Melody*. Miss Mary Eldon gave a dramatic recital on the 30th ult., at which she introduced Greek costume and limelight effects.

Miss Sarah Fennings, a promising young violinist, made her debut. She is a pupil of Wilhelmj, and made a successful first appearance.

The Musical Artists Society performed for the first time a quintet in F minor by Miss Edith Swepstone and a well-written suite by Mr. Gerald F. Cobb.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave a morning concert, at which Mlle. Irma Sethe and M. Sapellnikoff appeared.

Miss Florence Shee was assisted at her annual concert by Mr. David Bispham and Miss Florence Oliver.

M. Sapellnikoff has been suddenly called to Russia on account of the death of his brother, compelling his manager to cancel his second recital, which was fixed for Tuesday afternoon, in the place of which Mr. Ernest Cavour organized a concert, when several artists took part.

The last of a special series of chamber concerts organized by Mr. Hans Brouil took place on Thursday.

The concert season is just beginning.

F. V. ATWATER.

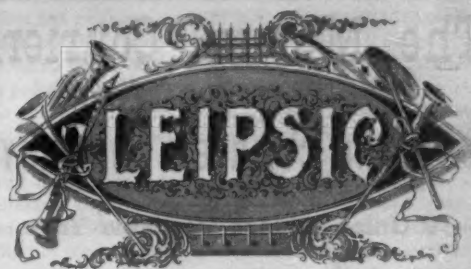
N. Y. College of Music Commencement.—The annual commencement and concert of the New York College of Music, Alexander Lambert director, will take place in the Carnegie Lyceum on Tuesday evening, May 20.

Bertha O'Reilly Plays.—Miss Bertha O'Reilly has been winning some fresh laurels in the West as piano soloist and accompanist at some recent concerts wherein she has appeared. The Duluth and Winnipeg papers are loud and lengthy in their praises of her artistic work.

Carlotta Desvignes Sails.—Miss Carlotta Desvignes, the eminent contralto, sails to-day, the 20th inst., on the Teutonic for London, where several engagements await her to fulfill in addition to her annual London concert. Miss Desvignes will return in October for a tour of twelve weeks with Mme. Camilla Urso. Negotiations are also pending here for festival work in September.

Rossini Club's Twenty-fifth Anniversary.—The Portland Rossini Club, of Portland, Me., held the twenty-fifth anniversary of its successful career on Tuesday, February 18, 1896. A tea was given to the members at her residence on Free street, by Miss Alice Wood, who was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edward M. Rand, the president, and Mrs. Frank E. Allen, the vice president, of the club.

Ladies' String Orchestra.—An informal private rehearsal was given by the Ladies' String Orchestra Society, of New York, in their rehearsal hall, 49 West Twentieth street, on Thursday morning last, May 14, from 11 to 12 o'clock. Mme. Jeanne Franko is concert master. Some very neat work was done, and quite a good sized little audience was present by invitation to enjoy it.



LEIPSIK, May 1, 1896

A REVIEW of the work done by Arthur Nikisch with the Gewandhaus Orchestra during the season just ended is interesting, in that it shows the great influence that one man can exercise in making old and seemingly lost abilities assume new and interesting characteristics.

The readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER have been aware for a number of years past of the decline of musical matters in this once famous centre of the art. That Leipzig has existed for a long time upon this "once famous" period can be accepted without further comment.

When Nikisch appeared at the beginning of the season he found an outward show of satisfaction, but, to anyone who knows the Saxon nature, there was an ill-concealed feeling of antagonism, which was quite apparent until the season was considerably advanced. Upon his assumption of the conductor's position Nikisch found a state of affairs bordering close upon absolute somnolency, and which had affected the entire organization from the concertmaster down to the tympanist.

I will go further in remarking that the general tone and principle of the members of this body were comfortably listless and self satisfied, and reminded one not a little of the military orchestras in this part of the Fatherland. Comparisons with the programs of the past and those of this season bring forcibly to mind why and how this year looks like an oasis in the desert of Dr. Reinecke's latter period.

Mr. Floersheim has given the entire list of works performed in one of his Berlin letters, and it is a list which cannot fail in convincing music lovers that Leipzig enjoyed an opportunity which is granted to very few communities, if to any.

Of the great choral works the performance of Berlioz's Faust was to my mind the best, which work, by the way, had not been heard since Berlioz conducted it here in person some fifty years since.

After this came the eighth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven (in one evening), and performed with an accuracy of detail and massive concentration which were astounding.

The scheme also embraced symphonies of Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Volkmann, Svendsen and Tchaikowsky, the last named being represented by the Pathétique, of which I wrote at the time of its performance, and which has established a place for itself among the greatest works of its kind.

There were also orchestral works of lesser importance by Smetana, Rudoff, Grieg and Von Reznicek, whose overture to Donna Diana was a very pleasing novelty.

Of the soloists, Leopold Auer's playing of the Tchaikowsky violin concerto stands pre-eminent, and the piano concerto of Willy Stenhammer is certainly an addition to that class of work.

Professor Joachim was as instructive as ever, and his solo numbers (Brahms' Hungarian Dances), with Nikisch at the piano, were exceptionally fine. Julius Klengel played his own concerto for violoncello, and evinced the tremendous technic and fine musicianship for which he is so justly celebrated.

Erika Wedekind gave us singing of a facile kind, which seemed to please the women, and Lilli Lehmann enthused by her great artistic excellence and human feeling.

There were numerous other soloists whose work was somewhat disappointing, notably Alfred Grünfeld (pianist), Eileen O'Moore (violinist), and Frau Baumann (soprano).

Josef Hofmann (pianist) achieved moderate success, as did Carl Prill (violinist), and George Wille (violincello).

To all appearances the financial results were very satisfactory, judging from the great demand for seats, not a few of which were subscribed for and retained by Americans.

This simply proves the wisdom of the Gewandhaus people in giving Arthur Nikisch a voice in the administration of affairs, and it would be difficult indeed to find anyone in Leipzig who could express anything but satisfaction at the result of his labors.

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Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York.

19 Union Square W., New York.

TELEPHONE: - - - 1953-19th.

Cable Address, "Pegujar," New York.

MARC A. BLUMENBERG,

Editor-in-Chief.

THE BERLIN, GERMANY, Branch Office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, 27 Link Str., W., is in charge of Mr. Otto Floersheim. Single copies for sale at the music store of Ed. Bote & G. Bock, Leipziger Strasse, 39 W.

THE LONDON, ENGLAND, Branch Office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, 21 Princes St., Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., is in charge of Mr. Frank Vincent Atwater.

IN LEIPZIG, GERMANY, Single copies of THE MUSICAL COURIER are for sale at P. Pabst, Neumarkt, 26.

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THE BOSTON OFFICE of THE MUSICAL COURIER is at 17 Beacon Street.

LONDON: Single copies, Principal London Publishers.

PARIS: Single copies, BRENTANO'S, 37 avenue de l'Opéra, and Galignani Library, 204 rue de Rivoli.

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American News Company, New York, General Distributing Agents.

Western News Company, Chicago, Western Distributing Agents.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 846.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.

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IT is not a good scheme for Walter Damrosch to put his orchestra on a co-operative basis, for it will then resemble the Philharmonic in structure. The leader of an orchestra must be militant. There must be military discipline, and not partnership or shareholding privileges among the players. We are truly sorry to see this departure, for it will leave us again next season dependent upon the Boston and the Chicago orchestras for real good performances. An orchestra not under discipline cannot be rehearsed as it should be, and consequently will not play as it should play. The probability now is that we shall have no proper orchestral concerts in New York outside of those of the Boston and the Chicago orchestras, and probably, after all, that will be a better condition of affairs, for out of it must come the creation of a great local orchestra with a great conductor.

GRAU AND DAMROSCH.

THE suggestion of this paper has been followed with singular rapidity, and Messrs. Grau and Damrosch will act conjointly, to some extent at least, in the management of opera in this country for the coming season.

For all practical purposes the first steps now to be taken should be in the direction of a reduction in salaries paid to the foreign artists who have been in the habit of taking hundreds of thousands of dollars a season out of this country and dumping it on the other side, to live there in revelry at the expense of our people and their misrepresented reputation.

That these operatic stars have been overpaid can be seen at once in the one fact that nearly all the leading singers were here during the past seasons. If they could possibly secure any such salaries in the hundreds of large and small opera houses of Europe; if the 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 of people of Europe would pay them anywhere near the sums the 65,000,000 of the Union pay them, they all certainly would not come over here, but the facts are that Melba, Calvé, the de Reszkés, Klafsky, Ternina, Plançon, Maurel, and the next grade constitute the leading stars of the operatic firmaments of London and the Continent outside of Paris. The grand opera of Paris is a farce as compared with New York, London or Germany and Russia and Austria. Not only a farce in its character, but in the small outlay it pays artists. A singer such as Van Dyke, who asks \$1,500 and upward a night for American performances, gets 1,500 frs. (\$300) a night in Paris. He has been negotiating for America. Our foolish people will pay \$5 a seat to hear him, although he is already passé, while in Paris he can be heard for 5 frs. (\$1) and less.

The leading operatic artists of Europe are here during the season because they have combined to charge the American public large prices. They compel the management to charge high prices. They make the opera unpopular because it pays them. Opera that is popular is remunerative to the management, but it cannot be popular if the populace is boycotted by the prices and the aristocracy only can hear it. Five or four dollars a seat means \$1,250 a night to Jean de Reszké, who can get as high as \$250 a night in his beloved Warsaw; it means \$800 a night to basso Edouard de Reszké, who can get as high as \$150 a night, if that much, in his adored Warsaw. It means \$1,500 to Melba, who can get \$300 a night in her beloved Paris; it means \$500 a night to Maurel, who can get \$100 a night in his delightful Paris or \$75 a night in his charming Milan.

Since 1893 there has been a great shrinkage in values, and like all commercial enterprises the business of singing must accommodate itself to these losses in value. The people of New York will not subscribe to the opera next season at any such figures as Abbey & Grau have been demanding, and \$5 and \$4 a seat to hear Lucia and Traviata and William Tell and Falstaff and Lohengrin will be entirely out of question, particularly when it becomes generally known that the same casts in the same operas, produced with a superb mise-en-scène and ballets such as we never have here, can be heard and seen in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna and Milan for from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half a seat.

There will be no opportunity next season for such prices, for THE MUSICAL COURIER is going to keep this matter prominently before the musical world in its plain, unvarnished truth.

We have already understood from Chicago opera patrons that they will not attend the opera in that city next season at five dollars a seat. To attend such a performance costs a gentleman who takes a lady

from fifteen dollars upward. Fifteen dollars is 75 francs. One can purchase a burial lot on the outskirts of Paris for that amount and dig down and bury a whole family. Five dollars a seat for opera next season will prove a burial too.

Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Grau can now conjointly put an end to this imposition by insisting upon a proper readjustment of salaries of operatic singers. The scale now paid is a ludicrous spectacle and constitutes a robbery of Americans for the benefit of Europeans who come here, grasp the money, send it to Europe for investment, and look upon us as simpering fools—which we certainly deserve to be called if we continue this nonsense.

Mr. Paderewski received nearly \$250,000 from the people of this country last season, and yet his secretary denounced the people, called them corrupt, and otherwise insulted the most patient nation on earth, and Paderewski himself did not as much as deign to apologize for such infamous conduct.

Nearly all these people simply look upon this country as a colonial settlement especially conducted in their interests. And, worst of all, the American artist starves. His or her salary is pinched to the lowest figure to give the foreigner the high figure, and as she, particularly the American singer, has no unmentionable relations with a duke of Orleans or does not take a husband from his family, as was the case with Patti, the daily papers can devote no space to her.

Let us drop all this insane adoration of the bizarre, as Joseph Jefferson calls it. Let us pay the proper prices to hear the opera and not be imposed upon by the absurd and constantly increasing demands of the European adventurer who merely comes over to utilize the gullible tendencies of a busy people too much engaged in serious problems of life to find the time to analyze such questions as these.

NEW WORK ON MUSIC.

M. ALBERT LAVIGNAC, professor of harmony at the Paris Conservatory, has just published a very interesting and attractive volume, *La Musique et les Musiciens*.

It is a technical manual, intended, as the author states in his preface, to present in the most concise and condensed form precise notions of everything that ought to form the base of serious studies for every musician, and to interest as well all who cultivate music or have any love for it.

The first chapter treats of Musical Sound, and comprises the production, the transmission and perception of sound, the relations of the succession of sounds, the relations of simultaneous sounds (chords, intervals, dissonances), and the relations of acoustics and rhythm. This part on the physical laws of sounds is followed by a chapter on the material that produces sound, and after many pages devoted to the human voice the author passes in review all the principal musical instruments, beginning with the organ—namely, wind, strings, metal, wood, &c.—of all countries. He then proceeds to the orchestra and examines all the various combinations of the several instruments. The third chapter is on The Grammar of Music, and develops at length, but with clearness and precision, systems of harmony, ending with remarks on counterpoint and fugue. Chapter 4, on Aesthetics, commences with composition (symphony, concerts, &c.), which it follows up with improvisation, musical criticism and its difficulties, and the evolution of musical taste. The fifth chapter, on the great epochs of musical art, begins with antiquity, the Greeks and Romans; the music of the Middle Ages and of the Church and of the minstrels leads to a review of the great German, French and Italian classics, with brief sketches of the various schools down to the present time, and the whole concludes with some considerations respecting a musical career.

In his chapter on composition the author warns young composers against a premature study of the masterpieces of the modern ultra-romantic school—Berlioz and Wagner. "It is necessary to know them; but by premature study I mean a study that has not been preceded by a profound acquaintance with the classical school." The study of the classic school does not destroy inspiration, as plenty of examples show; and as to the later schools, M. Lavignac recommends the student to begin Wagner in the earlier works, Rienzi, Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, before approaching Tristan, the Meistersingers, the Nibelungen tetralogy and Parsifal. To hear these

great works is a necessity, but they must be heard under favorable conditions of execution and in their entirety. M. Lavignac compares counterpoint to a dead language from which an actual living language is derived; "without it modern music could not have existed."

DAILY JOURNALISM.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1896.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

The article in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* headed *Is Criticism a Failure?* strikes home to every musical critic who still retains any part of his youthful conscience, that gave him such untold trouble when first he essayed the difficult and thankless task of reporting.

In fact, a great deal can be said in support of Mr. W. J. Henderson's statement that reporters "do not own the papers: they are only employés." I know from personal experience that these same reporters are at times instructed by the editor to deal gently with certain operatic performances, because of the financial arrangements between the newspaper and manager. Thus the reporter must necessarily do violence to his conscience (if he has any left) and ignore the fact that Mlle. Bellevoix totally disregarded all phrasing, to say nothing of a peculiar tendency to sing E flat for E natural and F natural for F sharp; he is dimly aware that a true statement of affairs might cause the manager to withdraw his one column advertisement from the paper, and that he himself might receive his "walking papers"—a just reward for his disagreeable habit of telling the truth.

In all seriousness, however, critics certainly do have a hard road to travel if they are employed by a daily paper whose management cares little or nothing about music.

With due apology for becoming personal, I think the reporter's life would be "a happy one" if musical criticism was always conducted on such a liberal and unbiased basis as has been adopted by *THE MUSICAL COURIER*; but unfortunately this is not the case. My views on the subject may appear pessimistic and overdrawn, but my faith in newspaper criticism is somewhat shaken. Who could help feeling so, after hearing an opera fairly sung, and then reading in the newspaper the following morning that "last night's performance was the finest ever heard in the Academy"?

But maybe we all fall through the same cause—the dread of losing our bread and butter by too honest an opinion. If only some philanthropist would step forward and endow a society for the protection of the reporter's conscience! Truthful critics could then be pensioned by this society till they found editors as liberal minded as themselves. Could we all take this stand the newspapers would eventually be obliged to come around to our way of thinking, and then indeed the critics might stand some chance of a glimpse of paradise.

D. I. L.

THE critic of a daily paper (whenever a paper considers it necessary to engage one) depends upon the manager of such a commercial enterprise for his position. He is not influenced by the management beyond the commercial interests of the paper. He cannot in the majority of instances act contrary to the orders from above, and yet he may succeed in enforcing such respect for his judgment, his opinion, his ability and his honesty that the management will consider him seriously before it antagonizes his views. But the commercial interests prevail.

For instance, the patronage of Abbey & Grau in their various enterprises amounts to at least several hundreds of dollars each season to each of the daily newspapers, with one or two exceptions, which receive a little more than the average on account of higher rates. In addition to the advertising space Abbey & Grau get column upon column of matter, such as interviews, descriptive articles, chat about their artists, &c., free of charge—space they could never purchase because of its presumed high price.

The music critic who would antagonize the opera would, therefore, naturally get into bad odor, for he would naturally (also) jeopard the few hundred dollars. Abbey & Grau could give opera just as successfully if they were to withdraw their daily advertising, which does not influence the box holders or the subscribers or the genuine music lovers in the press and family circles. Outside of these there are not so many left who patronize the opera because it is advertised in the daily papers. A very, very insignificant percentage of the readers of daily papers are opera patrons. The managers state that they advertise in the daily papers because they can thereby give the list of operas to be performed during the week. Every enterprising paper, independent and fearless, would give that list anyhow whether Abbey & Grau advertised or not, simply because the readers should know it.

A critic on this paper is one of the staff. He knows nothing whatever of the business of the paper, only of its tendency, which is a principle influenced by the varying conditions of the organization or the soloists. If the performance is good in his or her (for we have a number of female critics) opinion, it is so printed; if otherwise, it is so printed. The critic knows that if the artist is not pleased with the criticism, and happens to be an advertiser, he or she can

have the advertisement cancelled inside of five minutes and the critic does not care one way or the other, because he or she is on an annual salary dependent upon the work done, the performance of professional duty. The whole musical world knows this. Advertisers can get a certain amount of space in this paper to call the attention of the world of music to their careers, their special functions, their repertoires, their criticisms as they have formerly appeared, but they can never learn or even anticipate what this paper will publish regarding their work, for not even does the critic know this until he or she hears that artist. And that kind of criticism is the only kind worth publishing or worth reading or worth having.

WHAT WILL SUCCEED?

THE last would-be serious effort of the spring musical season has gone out, as per usual, with a sputter.

It would be hard to know to what order of music the thoughts of the New York metropolis do turn in time of spring. Of course the public will tell you believably, in advance, that it wants orchestral music of not too heavy a nature, but capably performed and directed. Yet give them this, and a few evenings suffice to show them that they are nothing after all but misleading mouthers of a fictitious creed.

On Saturday evening a week ago the spring season of orchestral concerts opened up at the Metropolitan Opera House in what may be described literally as a blaze of glory. There was an orchestra of seventy-five under Mr. Seidl, playing a choice spring night program, music not too strong for the weak, nor yet too weak for the strong. This was played within the plash of fountains and the cool gloss of green foliage, and was framed in a blaze of glittering incandescence which ought to have set the popular spirit sparkling in proportion as it must have drawn luminous coin from the pockets of the management. We have had similar music before at this same period of the year which has proved a failure. But then we had not so much cheering electric light, and above all things we have had our music in that devourer of success for anything but Barnum's Circus or a Food Show—the Madison Square Garden amphitheatre.

Of course everybody was ready to prophesy that promenade concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House would pay. If there were truly any consistency about New York's declaration as to what it wants they had a right to pay. Nevertheless they eked out a moribund existence for just one week and closed—a failure—on Saturday last.

A year ago the people said in explanation of the non-support of promenade concerts: "It is all on account of the depressing area of Madison Square Garden. Who could propose to promenade in such a space without being lost? It would absorb the populace. Besides, it is not gay, not enough incandescent, and above all it lies in a corner; it is off Broadway."

Now, many of these are justifiable objections. There were persons supposed to represent a vast majority who have firmly believed that were the scenes of the unhappy failures made by Anton Seidl and Ross Junghnickel at the Madison Square Garden only to have been transplanted to such a live and fashionably flavored passageway as the Metropolitan Opera House success would have been inevitable.

The flaneur makes the success of a promenade concert in any country all that may be set forth about musical merit to seduce the populace, notwithstanding the flaneur is connoisseur at the same time. He needs to be assured of the proper eclectiveness of three hours' music, although he may only care to drop in for ten minutes to hear it. He needs things always in the region of an easy climacteric when he drops in, and, above all things, he needs light, gaiety, convenience, an up-to-date sympathy in atmosphere, which the average amusement-goer is wont to connect with certain places, rather than persons, of entertainment. Well, the Madison Square Garden smacked of horses and children, dull light and cheerless prodigality of space for an infant promenading country. It is also off the thoroughfare.

But now the firm of Messrs. Abbey & Grau on New York's main thoroughfare, with names redolent of fashionable distinction, with adherent to them a large influential remnant of the smart world, whose town houses will not close for yet a month, have flung open their *recherché* doors with excellent entertainment at popular prices, and it is left severely alone. The case has been made expensively evident

that the genuine spirit of refined promenade concert, as it obtains successfully in Europe, has not yet permeated this country to any such extent as to influence a judicious management to go to any monetary risk to undertake it. In New York, up to this latest fiasco at the Metropolitan Opera House, there was a general idea among the public—an idea sincerely believed and loudly backed by musicians—that a proper orchestral organization in an attractive thoroughfare, with judiciously planned entertainments à côté for the not too seriously inclined, should most positively succeed. It most certainly should, ladies and gentlemen who avow you adore music, and gentlemen and ladies who genially goad you to the idea, but it hasn't.

Where does the blame, and we must say it, the shame, lie? The promenade concerts with the Seidl Orchestra, genial, delightfully given programs, a vaudeville upstairs, a Hungarian band, an immense marble tiled set of tiers to promenade, with the orchestra floor built over in seductive walking fashion, left absolutely nothing to be desired. So the people seemed to think for one evening, but it was the first evening, and the mass was principally of musicians and curiosity seekers who came to compare the best American entertainment put forward of its kind with the similar ones in Europe.

It bore comparison well with Europe and no one thought otherwise. But the New York public does not compare in this regard with the European public. There lies the rub, and the sooner it is taken to heart and smoothed out to effacement by our intelligent and truly music loving people the better.

They are in truth a music loving people enough, and their declaration is in nowise an affectation; in fact, more genuine to its core very often than that of the European populace, who seem to fill their promises better. But the Europeans have a grace and ease and an enjoyment in social circulation in public which the American populace totally lacks, and herein lies the failure of promenade concerts here. To grapple with the evil we must come down to vulgar truths. We have here a music loving public which knows how to do exactly two things: It can sit in state—because no other way is understood or permitted it—at a grand opera or symphony concert, or it can throw off its best airs of copyism and reserve with its evening coat and décolleté gown and stick its feet under a table to enjoy music as mixed with manners sans façon and liquid in quantity. The clumsy awkwardness of well dressed men and women at those few Metropolitan concerts—which deserve to set a vogue if New Yorkers had any facility—was deplorable for business from the very first night.

American people—metropolitan people here would be best to say—are quite as narrow in some means of adaptivity as though bred on a South Sea island. They are awkward, unfriendly with each other, ungraceful to look at at any entertainment where they have not the security of planting both feet before them and their hands in their laps for lengthy stretches at a time. Intemperance is not the vogue, but where there is not the compulsory quietude of a theatre the public avails necessarily of any excuse where it can conceal inflexible attitudes, the powerlessness to circulate with enjoyable ease, and secures itself behind a table where refreshments are served.

To be refreshed at the Metropolitan Opera House series of promenade concerts the public was very refinedly and properly permitted to repair to adjoining rooms. It was not invited to order cork popping and glass clinking directly under the nostrils of the orchestra. All material things desirable were at hand, but if you wanted to hear the Coppelius Ballet music you had to forsake momentarily the refreshment, and vice versa.

This our public does not seem able to do. It folds its hands and listens to music, operatic or symphonic, light or solemn, as a pledged devotee; but if it feels that any bounden etiquette is removed it must needs throw off all restraint whatever. It is only happy with its feet under the table of a roof garden for warm night diversion, where the liberty of flying waiters and flowing liquors, with their consequent babel, degenerates into license.

The refined go-between of an easy promenade where music is not disturbed has not yet struck the American taste sufficiently to make things prosper. More travel abroad for the masses, where they can learn to assimilate European methods in this respect, is the one key to present necessity. When this is accomplished, and not until then, will these inclosed spring concerts be a success.



AS I sit listening to the lazy wash of old ocean the soprano whistle of the steam launch of THE MUSICAL COURIER jars upon my auditory nerves. I look out through my porthole and see the trim lines of the *William Steinway* as she dips and rears in the languid swell. I am writing this to you from mid-ocean and the launch has followed my steamer inch by inch so as to be able to get for you my wonderful sensations about the sea.

Well, I have none, and don't expect to, and intend writing of the few things I saw in Greater New York during the past week.

I don't think that Americans—or New Yorkers—have learned how to lounge at ease. The loafing and inviting of one's soul which Walt Whitman so gracefully dwelt upon is not yet ours. We are not flâneurs, as are the Europeans, and I never realized it so strongly as at the Metropolitan Opera House last week. I saw several bright girls bunched and standing beside the raised platform on which promenaded many uncomfortable people.

"Look at her," said one of the girls; "just look at her feet!" and then they all giggled sarcastically. The "her" referred to was a stout lady, with a majestic bust and a foolish face. Her escort was a young man who should have been her son by reason of his years, but he was not. He was gorgeously attired. Together they were living pictures in motion, but the one feature that attracted your attention was the ill-at-ease expression on their countenances.

And they were but two of many. They circled about the band stand, stared at Mr. Seidl as if he were wax, and disconcerted Henry Schmitt, the concert master, with their admiring glances. Then, still perambulating on eggs, they pursued their feverish way back on the stage, searching for the chairs that failed.

After reaching the stairs on the Thirty-ninth street side the couple descended and went into the lobby. Then I saw in the young man's face an expression almost Christian. He had optically sniffed the café wherein sat men drinking from tall glasses and short.

Violently fumbling with his gaze—as Edgar Saltus would say—the room and its occupants, the man whispered to his mother—I mean his Lady Friend: After a brief show of hesitation—senile diffidence, which Nordau would have characterized as agoraphobia, fear of space—the pair sailed into the gentlemen's café and sat down.

A terrified waiter whispered something in the young fellow's ear, and disgustedly, sadly, they went forth into the lobby, murmuring something about "personally conducted tours of the Opera House."

A half hour later I saw them upstairs, the Lady drinking beer and the young man triumphantly sipping a sherry cobbler, and enveloping them were the strains of Dr. Leo Tolstoi, Louis Kossuth, Maurits Jokai Sommers' Syndicated Hungarian Orchestra.

And there were other couples of the same sort, and with the same shipwrecked expression. What we Americans really like is to be packed sardine fashion on a roof garden blazing with lights and heat and enjoy the performance of fourth-rate variety people.

That it is agreeable to wander about or sit down in corners, or to drink and smoke in detached groups while listening to good music, all this does not appeal to us. We love noise, confusion, hurly-burly and vulgar display, and please don't contradict me, as I'm in a bad humor with New York's atrociously reverberating streets, and long for my childhood's home—Germantown, near Philadelphia—where it is quieter by ten degrees than the Quaker City. O Hay Mamma!

No wonder then these concerts have been abandoned.

This is true. So was the above; but this is truer: On Union square is a picture store, and in the win-

dow is a picture of Max Hirsch in immaculate evening dress, and a young woman in the background or foreground. I've forgotten; but let her go at middle distance. Mr. Hirsch, in the flesh, stood without, gazing at his picture, which was painted by a familiar artist. He hadn't courage enough to go in and ask the price of the work of art, so he sent his brother.

With eyes aflame the young man rushed out and reported the price—\$225!

At once, with fleet feet, or feet fleet, Max started up Broadway. Plucking him by the blouse, as they say in modern realistic novels of the sixteenth century, I cried aloud:

"Sirrah, whence away?"

"S'death!" answered Mr. Deer (Hirsch). "To Mr. Grau, and for a big raise in my salary. If I'm worth \$225 on canvas doing nothing, why, alive and kicking I must be—" and his very gait was inferential.

The picture was turned to the wall.

Walter Damrosch and his assistant conductor, Elliott Schenck, were at the Arena one night last week. We turned our superior critical attention to the incidental music written by Sir Arthur Sullivan for Comyns Carr's *King Arthur*.

I went early on Monday to Abbey's and listened with might and main to the music, and wondered how it was that a man who knows the stage so well as Sullivan should miss every point. The overture, a cut and dried affair, attempts the ultra classic in form, the working out section being especially dreary. Then in the Magic Mere, where the sword Excalibur appears, what a chance the composer had for descriptive music!

A genuine Rhinegold effect might have been produced instead of the banal choruses. Those spirits with weaving arms, the lovely poetic atmosphere, all were lost. What a pity!

And the marches—how vulgar! How that trumpet did rend the air (it was only a cornet, but it is more scholarly to hint at trumpets), and when the Sangreal floated by, the stage apparition being very effective, Sullivan is moved to platitudes.

Are there no new men, no younger men, in England who have escaped Mendelssohn's treacle pot and who have some gifts of characterization? What has become of that canny Scot Hamish McCunn, whose music went about without breeks and smacked of the strong Highland breezes?

I fear I haven't an exalted notion of English music, which is hopelessly academic for the most part. Where in all Great Britain is a man like E. A. MacDowell?

And that reminds me. An English composer who skims lightly upon the keyboard has a rod in pickle for me, I'm told, because I dared to criticise a recent recital of his. He calls me Trilby and says I am "of the tone deaf," and intends giving me a hauling over in either the *Journal* or the *Herald*. What joy!

The Actors' Union, the Musical Union, the Association for the Maintenance of High Prices for Variety Artists, and most certainly all the great musical composers, conductors and singers of the United States will soon be forced to band against their common enemy, their unique enemy, Fregoli, who appeared last week at Olympia, and had a whirlwind success.

Despite many disadvantages, one of them being the use of an unfamiliar tongue, the Italian mimic and electric change artist won his spurs after an inauspicious beginning. He first sang a duo, a nun with a soldier on her back, for that is certainly what it was. This didn't make much of an impression, although the shrill soprano and vibratory bass were well differentiated. But the device seemed childish.

Then came some characteristic Italian songs, sung with a velocity simply amazing. The man's lingual technic borders on the marvelous, and he controls his breath in prestissimo passages so artistically as to enable him to make a fine decrescendo diminuendo, calando, and merging the spoken staccato into a mellow cantabile.

But all this was not what the public wanted. When Fregoli appeared as a music maestro and accompanied his pupil at the piano—a dummy figure being substituted—we began to realize the actor's cleverness. It was, however, in his Cameleonte, a tragic and dramatic comedy, that he was at his best.

The machinery of his exits, entrances and quick changes is wonderful, yet I imagine that it did not

run as smoothly as it will later. The story of the play, the husband going away on a trip, the wife doing a Duse-Bernhardt bit, the serenade, the lover, the sudden return of the husband, the chase, the meeting and the tragedy were all managed most artfully. There were signs of haste, but the changes, I repeat, were capital.

Then, after much applause, it was announced that Fregoli would appear in an original play and in fifteen characters. After the fifth or sixth I stopped counting and fell to applauding.

The play was most primitive, but it served to introduce the protagonist in many amusing parts. His women are funny and suggestive. One recalled the Russell brothers, another Paquerette, but the climax was reached when Fregoli appeared in the make-up of an orchestral conductor, descended into the orchestra and conducted the band, and with what furious gestures! He was enraged, he bullied, wheedled, threatened, entreated, smiled, cursed and wept.

Then came a series of portraits of great composers that were masterly in make-up and pantomime. Rossini, Wagner—this last was superb—Carlos Gomez, the Brazilian one opera man; Verdi, Mascagni and some others were each given with appropriate music. Wagner gave especial pleasure, the arrogant head and lordly swing of the baton being quickly appreciated.

Oddly enough, the Tannhäuser overture was given for the first twenty bars with imposing effect. Fregoli has a burlesque technic for conducting, too. He literally stabbed and jabbed the orchestra into extraordinary agility.

Some of his effects were lost, such as some delicate bits of by-play in his play, histrionic bits that I noticed convulsed Rose Coghlan, who sat in a stage box. Fregoli will soon feel the popular pulse and give us exactly what we want. He has a remarkable temperament, is musical, his natural voice being a baritone with a tremolo, and his appearance winning. He is all that his manager claims, and that is saying volumes.

I am sure everyone was delighted to hear of Andrew A. McCormick's elevation to the presidency of the Broadway Theatre Company. Mr. McCormick has really been in charge of affairs so many years and is personally such a favorite that a better choice could not have been made. And he is also very popular with the newspaper fraternity.

Are we to lose Helen White next season from the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House? What sorrow! Her Carmen face has been a joyful feature of that dull organization, which never looked as if it slept enough. Miss White was always alive, and if she retires to private life we may have nothing to write about in the winter.

Her intended husband, Mr. Lionel Mapleson, is an estimable young man of musical gifts, and an enthusiast. He is a hard working member of Abbey & Grau's forces.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes.
When looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Tennyson but revoiced the cry of anterior humanity, a cry that by some subtle, atavistic process is echoed to-day and which will be heard so long as the human heart throbs. The days that are no more seem far sweeter to us than the now; the days when Mozart was king, when the sunshine danced over the notes we so laboriously conned. "Oh! the beautiful days when we were so unhappy" say the French—and is it not so? Those charmingly miserable hours when art first wooed and fired our young imaginations, when we felt, mute and inglorious Miltons as we were, that we could conquer all if we but got the chance, the hearing. How youthful brain and brawn bent to the task! How counterpoint and Cramer, Kreutzer and Bach seemed like so many huge obstacles to be demolished, and that beyond lay the crisp air, the sunshine, the bafflingly beautiful visions, the tonal castles in Spain that have never been reared, which mock us as in a mirage. To scale the hilly steepes of Parnassus, to make real and tangible those dreams of purple splendor, what joy! What did we not forswear? To the young artist yet in embryo the most binding ties of blood, the most momentous interests of life, seem as naught compared with the exquisite, fragile creations of art; but then all that was in the happy days that are no more, and

now that world that seemed so inconsequential, so remote, exacts from the victim of art double penalties for his neglect of her, and art goes by the board for bread, position—in a word, a fatal word, disillusionment has set in, and the artist renounces the ideal for the material.

What a never-ending, fruitful theme the failures of artistic mankind furnish for us! The successful composer, the pianist who has "arrived," the popular singer, the violinist who thrills his audience, the man who makes a song that lays the human soul bare, the composer whose opera is in everyone's mouth the lucky ones en fin who have o'ertopped their brethren in the race azureward and have grasped at fame and, perchance, plucked a tiny laurel from her inaccessible brow, all these possibly and probably know what the fight meant, but in the fruition the toils of the chase are forgotten. Cooling breezes of prosperity blow away the deadly drops of sweat that are distilled in every Gethsemane of art, and all but the present, the o'ermastering, joyful present, is dropped into the limbo of oblivion and the sighs of the unsuccessful strugglers below are unheeded. Arcadia is a lovely land, but a selfish one. Its dwellers reck no longer of their unfortunate brothers and sisters who work mainly in the vineyard and for whom the vintage is not. Alas! the unhappy days that are no more.

I have met them, known them, lived with them, "les misérables," those toilers of the sea of art, and it would require a Hugo to write of their sad, noble, bitter, unheroic, degraded, miserably happy lives. There is Von Wilder, the composer; of course you know him? Is he not always buttonholing you about that symphony opera of his that is to be a synthesis of all the arts, a gigantic work, which will epitomize the grandeurs of Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Wagner and Makart. How often have I not sat entranced by the burning eloquence of that divine egotist, Von Wilder, for whom the world is merely a series of spokes, whose central hub is his opus magnum, his symphonic music drama, Jabberwock, the World Destroyer. He is an egotist; yes, yet of himself he reck not. He is a shabby temperament, who eats and drinks without tasting, walks without heeding his destination; in a word, a composer, but one who has not arrived, and never will. I met him the other day in upper Broadway, in the very shadow of that huge, yellow music barn, the Metropolitan Opera House. He slipped along with his eye introverted, his fists clenched, his linen soiled. "Across his sea of mind the thought comes streaming like a blazing ship upon a mighty wind." He was composing, or rather dreaming. He saw the stage set for his great world music drama, a hundred instruments peeled forth the prologue of the second act, all was elemental, seething, bubbling with giant energy, and then—a warning shout from the driver of a hansom, and Von Wilder came back to earth, hastily and just in time to prevent his being run down. He bumped against a fashionably attired young man whose opera was all the rage, and haughtily apologized; then each went upon his way. Which would you rather be, the natty, popular composer or Von Wilder? Poor, deluded dreamer! He will roam the town until the "Dark Mother of All" will tap him gently on the shoulder, and then—perchance dreams of a more enduring character.

Then there is your unendurable, unsuccessful composer, the hen minded man who feels that he is about to "arrive" to-morrow, next week, month or year, perhaps. What a jaunty, self-opinionated nuisance he is, to be sure. With him it is always "Nothing succeeds like success" and its dismaying corollary, "Nothing fails like a failure." Of course he knows Von Wilder—"Poor fellow, an idealist, a dreamer, not a practical man like myself, you know—I, who unite the keen business sense of the Yankee with the genius of the Old World." But, somehow or other, there is no "blend" in the two and our bustling composer meets his Waterloo in every musical form, from symphony to song, that he essays. But failure to his hard vulgar nature means merely success deferred, and so he goes, boring his friends, amusing his enemies, treading on everyone's toes, and obstructing the cause of music with his tiresome, formless, soulless, pretentious and wholly unoriginal compositions.

I sincerely hope, if for nothing else than to vindicate

Emerson's grand doctrine of compensation, that there will be reserved in the Walhalla of Art one of those pleasant, fragrant meads which Dante describes in his Vision of Purgatory, for the exclusive use of unsuccessful pianists. Be sure it is a large one, else it will never accommodate its legion of unwilling guests. I say "unwilling" advisedly, for lives there a pianist with a soul so dead that he (or she) will acknowledge that they are unsuccessful? Perish the thought! And yet must I tell the hard, bald, cold, incontrovertible truth? Leaving aside accidental public successes, how few pianists are there after the rack of the season whom one could call truly successful? Successful artistically, successful with the public, successful in conforming to their own high, artistic ideals? Last season three or four possibly, and if that is too exacting run over the list of artists who are successful in a private sense, and again you are forced to admit that all the fingers of both hands are not exhausted by the list.

No one deserves, despite the popular fun poked at him, a pleasanter place in the future than the unsuccessful pianist, for no one has striven harder, aimed harder, toiled more incessantly and dreamed nobler dreams. I salute you, unknown heroes of the keyboard, who have not wrested from it its lovely secrets of tone because you have no musical talent; only that and nothing more. Nevertheless, I admire your courage, audacity, the total unconsciousness of your idiocy as you sit in front of an orchestra and fumble a concerto by Rubinstein, Chopin or Saint-Saëns. How you do clang the unhappy keys! and God! what hideous noise you make! You drivel in cantabile, and plash noisily, like a duck under water, in heroic passages. You are the type of this brutal, money making, materialistic age. You play the piano and lecture about your playing to make money so that you may eat, drink, be merry, clothe yourself in purple and fine linen, live in a fine house and let art go starving in an alleyway. Yet I salute you. You are the most successful of all unsuccessful pianists, and your soul is a potato and your brain a hardened, dried up sponge.

The type of the striving but easily discouraged musician is to be found everywhere. He teaches because he can't play and secretly despises his profession, just as the born teacher revels in it and proudly proclaims its usages. The musician who has genuine ability, without that something that forces one to sit stolidly for years working, is the first one to sneer at the patient practitioner, but in reality he envies him his gift of application. He becomes intensely critical in strict ratio with his non-performances. He is at every concert with eyebrows uplifted, nostrils dilated, and his covert shrug of shoulder shivers many an artistic reputation. He knows in his inmost heart that he could do better than the man playing on the platform; that is, if he "had his technic." He has lacked no opportunities, has studied with a half dozen famous teachers, and has become perforce an art cynic. He never worked, and he despises it in others. He is like some "men endowed with highest gifts, the vision and faculty divine, yet wanting the accomplishment of verse." In plain English, he is lazy, and, like all lazy people, bitterly cynical of the worker.

The meek, gentle, modest pianist, whose soul is a convulsus, deserves one's sympathy more than the brazen keyboard clutrer. This one sighs not for the gleam of the footlights, roars of enthused audiences or of carriages unharnessed and rushed homeward by a score of crazy enthusiasts. No, he is a yearner for the sweets that are distilled laboriously in the darkened chamber of his heart. He eagerly inhales the dangerous orders of the Chopin floral conservatory, and life is a long drawn out opium dream, rudely interrupted at times, but narcotized by opium-like music, which destroys all hopes of true success in art. To such a one rainbow dreams are frequent visitors, and the end of the day sees not one link added to the chain of labor. It is all reveries, twilight musings and waste of time. Pianists of this sort despise all such external realities as technic, and believe that their God-given talent will aid their mushy touch and tone, and that psychics, and not physics, make an artist. They elbow half truths all their lives and they are failures, but not spiritual ones. What they need is more meat and less syllabubs, more skeleton, less flesh, less nerves, more muscle, more

sand, less sentiment. Their name in this anæmic land of ours is legion.

Don't forget the conductors who fail because they would make better pianists, brickmakers, bank clerks and composers. Do they not obtain in every large city in this great North America? By hook or crook they manage to get before an orchestra and wave, poke, beat, saw, jerk, thump poor old Father Time into a state of abject rhythmical desuetude. They get by lucky patronage, by perseverance, by frigid impudence, an orchestra together, and then, though denied every attribute of a conductor, they pose as contemporaries of Nizisch, Seidl, Thomas and Van der Stucken. I don't know but that the pseudo conductor is more of a nuisance to his fellows than the pianist without talent; his opportunities for mischief are of such an extended scope, he can make such dire disorder in a symphony, and can force the very angels to weep by his distorted readings of the classics and his erratic wave of baton. Out upon him!

But of all the unmitigated rascals, who deserves no sympathy, yet gets it all, who should be belabored until he works day and night, and yet who is fêted and caressed, commend me to your downright lazy, good natured, sunshiny fellow of universal talent, who starts out as a wonder child and ends as a fat-laughed inmate of the café. How he does play, sing and compose! When a stiff, pedantic old teacher comes to him with a laboriously constructed composition, full of correct mistakes, he invariably enjoys pulling it to pieces, setting up the theme edgewise and turning out an ambrosial drink fit for the gods to quaff!

No use of arguing with him; he is too incorrigibly talented to heed you. Other men spend ten years perfecting a trill or mastering difficult octave figures, and then your talented fellow stands over him and laughingly does it all in a flash, without a turn of his wrist. Presto! it's done, and the other wonders vaguely how it happened. Then the talent goes to the Wirthschaft to drink and the wonder goes to his hive to work. The drone has the talent, the bee the labor. Oh, the pity of it all!

But all these failures are not so distressing as the man who would be, the man who knows it all and writes in the newspapers about music. He infuriates the earnest musician, makes the humbug musician sneer in his sleeve, harms art, morals and manners, all because he fancies he is born with the rarest of all gifts—critical acumen. He sets false gods on pedestals, publishes volumes about nonentities (generally using himself as a *Leitmotive*), and corrupts all the pure sources of art with his banalities and hopeless opposition to the new. He knows not of the classics about which he so glibly phrases; he will have none of the new because he is suspicious of anything that is not stamped by the approval of at least one century. He preaches Bach and cannot play his third invention, and despises Tschaikowsky, and didn't know that he had written three concerted pieces for piano and orchestra. Of all the successful failures that flourish on this planet the worst is the incompetent music critic.

Of the pianists who can't play, the composer who can't compose, the conductor who doesn't conduct, I will not speak. I am principally interested in dissecting the unsuccessful heroes of music, the brave ones who have staked their all and lost through lack of talent, or an overplus of sensitivity, or for temperamental reasons too numerous to dwell upon. They have burned their ships behind them and faced the unknown land of art with no other chart but their inclination, and if disaster has pressed hard upon them, why have aught but pity and intense sympathy for them? Cher lecteurs, are we not all failures at some time in our life, and often, too, when life seems to shower its best gifts upon us? I think of poor old pathetic Von Wilder and his almost unearthly aspirations, and I question seriously my prejudgment of him. His soul life was richer, fuller, wider, more intense than that of the successful young opera composer whose merry jingle had set the feet of the whole town to twitching.

As Boyle O'Reilly so truly says: "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land, for only there are the values true and the laurels gathered in all men's view." It is so hard to say a man's life is a failure when he, like the moon, presents but one side to our

view. But the moon has its librations, and then for a moment we glimpse another land, so perhaps that which the world accounts a failure is often spiritual victory. O Time and Change! sings W. E. Henley in his stirring verse, Song of the Sword:

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under:
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
O we that were dear, we are too all near
With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, the right, the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling;
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release,
As once in the grass together.

J. H.

Mr. Heinrich Writes.

BROOKLINE, Mass., May 11, 1896.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

IN the May number of *Munsey's Magazine* there appears under the heading of "The World of Music" a certain article in reference to the Cincinnati May Festival which I believe needs some comment. I may truthfully say that I am not given to "rushing into print," but the time has come to say some few words, since the article in question certainly contains unwarranted insult, and silence might be interpreted as consent. The article says: "For tenors, baritones and basses Mr. Thomas has felt himself called upon—for reasons obvious enough to students of choral music—to go to England."

Comparisons are at all times odious, but I can readily name a number of American artists whom Americans should (and Englishmen would) be proud to call their own; who would not only not be barred out from participating at their only yearly great musical festival, still less be insulted gratuitously, as in the article in question.

Should there be given in the Cincinnati of England, of France, Germany, or of anywhere, a musical festival at which participated American artists only (save two of their own nationality to fill "small parts"), a musical multitude would rise and object in speech and print. Fancy Leeds or Birmingham without English artists!

Do not despair, however, brethren and sisters of the voice; study, study, study! so that in future generations these "obvious" reasons may at last vanish, and American artists may perhaps be called upon to sing something more than small parts at their own American musical festival.

Faithfully yours, MAX HEINRICH.

More Royal Composers.—Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria has just published a work entitled *Melancholy*, for piano, violin and cello, while the Landgraf of Hesse has written a mass in the style of Palestrina.

The Coronation Ballet.—The ballet to be performed at Moscow during the coronation festivities will in scenic and choreographic beauty surpass anything as yet seen in Russia. It will cost 100,000 rubles. It is named *Daiza*, the scene is in Japan, everything is thoroughly Japanese, and the music is written on original themes from Japan.

Marie Lehmann.—Frl. Marie Lehmann, the well-known coloratura singer of the Vienna Court Opera, took her leave of the stage April 26, in a performance of the *Huguenots*. Frl. Lehmann intends to settle in Berlin, so long the home of her sister Lilli, and devote herself to teaching.



CINCINNATI, May 16, 1896.

THE festival is at hand. In a few days the papers will be teeming with exultant adjectives applicable alike to toilettes and music. The country cousins with new spring bibs and city tuckers will listen in religious awe to the soloists and a little to the chorus and orchestra, for choral festivals are a thing of the past; the soloists are now all important.

The merry speculator, like the June bug, will flit beneath the electric lights of Springer Hall and reap his harvest, this year an unusually heavy one. Fifty thousand dollars will pour into the festival treasury. When everybody has had his biennial fill of music, Mr. Thomas and his band will hie them to Chicago with some \$15,000 and the soloists will take the rest. The country cousin will retire with music enough to last till the next festival. And when all is over Sam Cary's biennial editorial on "popular music" will in due time appear.

But seriously there is little doubt that the twelfth festival will be a great financial success. The artistic success, the billboards notwithstanding, will depend on the chorus—the *raison d'être* of all these festivals.

In general it may be said that Mr. Thomas' programs are more interesting than those of 1894, when the chief novelty was Rubinstein's *Moses*, a work that ought to be buried beyond all hope of resurrection. This year the things new to Cincinnati are: Saint-Saëns' *Samson* and *Delilah*, Tinel's *St. Francis*, and Goring Thomas' posthumous cantata, *The Swan and the Skylark*, orchestrated by Villiers Stanford.

Apropos of ticket speculation, Louis P. Ezekiel, who has watched over every festival since the seventies, told me some reminiscences the other day that throw some light on this much misunderstood business.

"At the first operatic festival sale," said he, "the first five boxes sold readily enough, but the sixth went a-begging, for it was up in 'heaven.' These boxes had seats for six persons. The agreement of the sale was that buyers should purchase single admissions for each performance, but were allowed to take as many persons into the box as they wished, provided each person had an admission ticket. I figured out that I could seat twenty-one people, and the next day I advertised box seats \$5 for any performance. The ad. read:

"The only seats where one can see the audience and hear the music at the same time."

"Some of the men interested in the festival looked into the matter at once. A diplomatic delegation headed by Gen. A. T. Goshorn called on me and told me that Mme. Patti must have a box; they had none, and would like to purchase the one I had bought, if it was for sale. I showed them my plan of twenty-one seats to a box. The director hemmed and hawed, acknowledged that the plan was legitimate, and finally gave me \$700 for the return of the box and six season tickets, which had cost me altogether \$122. When negotiations were completed General Goshorn,

laughing, said that he had been much taken with the advertisement. 'I know that box,' said he; 'you are right in saying one can see the crowd and hear the music from it at the same time; but he would have to be cross-eyed and have a telephone to do it.' Patti evidently tired of her box, for it was never occupied during the festival."

Pre-festival musical functions are few. Thursday night the Spiering Quartet, of Chicago, played before the Ladies' Musical Club, and Monday night Mr. George Krüger, of the Conservatory of Music, will give a grand recital.

About the last relic of the Nichols régime of the College of Music has disappeared. Major Lloyd, for eighteen years manager of the Odeon, has been succeeded by Mr. S. C. Hayslip.

The war among the musicians is at white heat and there will be no cry of quarter. Last Tuesday the union notified all the Cincinnati musicians in Bellstedt's Band to leave, and at the same time instructed the various unions to which the other Bellstedt men belong to recall the men now in Cincinnati.

Apart from the question of ability there are not enough men to go around, but this does not alter matters. It has been decreed that music in Cincinnati must be made by residents of long standing.

The musical future of the city and the Symphony Orchestra, strange as it may seem, are involved in this absurd controversy.

The courts must now decide.

All the festival soloists arrived in time for the Friday night mass rehearsal, with the exception of Frau Klafsky, who is expected Monday. My next letter will contain a review of the festival performances, and I may have something to say of the festival's future. ROBERT I. CARTER.

Pesaro.—The Conservatory of Pesaro, in commemoration of the 104th birthday of Rossini on the 29th of February last, has published a facsimile of a composition by Rossini, hitherto unprinted, the original of which was found in the Pesaro museum. It fills three pages; the small, pointed notes do not show a single erasure, but stand solemnly on their five lines as if to make evident to the senses the solemnity of the musical thought. They form a melancholy, passionate motive of infinite sorrow to the lines of Dante in the episode of Francesca da Rimini, "One day we read, for pastime and sweet cheer, Of Lancelot" down to the verse "Upon that day we read no more therein."

Villaret.—On April 27, two days before completing his sixty-sixth year, the celebrated tenor Villaret died at Suresnes, near Paris. He was born at Milhaud. He worked in a brewery in several towns in the south of France till in 1862 Nogens Saint-Laurent heard him at an orpheon concert and brought him to the notice of Alphonse Royer, then director of the Opéra, who at once engaged him. He did not make his début, however, till March 20, 1863, when in William Tell his superb voice and admirable musical feeling procured for him an indisputable success. In spite of some physical disadvantages he made a brilliant career as comedian as well as singer, and his salary was raised to 45,000 francs. It is remarkable that during his twenty years at the opera he never created a part. He was always there, honest, conscientious, never sick, never tired, and never once caused a change of bill owing to "indisposition." He appeared for the last time in La Juive, October 30, 1882, with Mme. Krauss, who in his honor resumed the rôle of *Rachel*. His voice was still magnificent, but he was resolved to retire in full possession of a talent that had not begun to fail. After his farewell appearance he retired entirely from public view.

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BROOKLYN, May 18, 1906.

I WENT to a private musicale the other night that was the most extraordinary thing I have struck this season. It was promised that we should have some novelties. Well, we had 'em. Wagner called his work the music of the future, but this was futurer than Wagner. The musicale was held to introduce a young man whose name is Thompson to a select circle. I am not select enough to get into circles on my own account; they just let me in because I have influence. After making oblation to the deities of art in a Bach toccata and a chunk bitten out of the middle of a Beethoven sonata, and both played in so dry a manner that they nearly crumbled, Mr. Thompson proceeded to illustrate himself.

He is a young man with a slightly tilted nose, wiry hair, eyeglasses, a look of some self-importance and satisfaction, and serenity of conduct. There is not a bit of sentiment about him. His audience was quite different from the usual, and reminded me of a convention of spiritualists or theosophists or prohibitionists—severe people, who know that the world is wrong, and are grimly resolved to set it right, if they perish or make the rest of us perish in the attempt. A man in spectacles made a few remarks on the scientific principles discovered by Mr. Thompson and elucidated in his music. As I didn't understand a word of it all I shall not attempt to reproduce any of these observations. The audience becoming a trifle impatient after a while, Spectacles hemmed and hawed a little, and stopped himself. Then Mr. Thompson went to the piano with a serious and resolute air, and took his seat. He struck a single note, holding it as if to exhibit it to the company and prove that it was real, looking into the room meanwhile, as who would say: "Kindly take notice that I wear no whiskers to deceive you." After that he struck into a motive, I can hardly call it an air, that suggested a fugue, save that it was strictly and aridly contrapuntal, and reversed the motive in the bass, instead of following it. Every few moments he returned to his one note, and in the consequent sally got a little farther away to the northern and southern ends of the keyboard by a system of chromatic progressions. By the end of the piece he had straddled up to the highest and lowest C on the piano, and then he quit, to my secret relief, for the thing was as mathematical and mechanical as the multiplication table.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Spectacles, "you are doubtless curious to know what it is that Mr. Thompson has just favored us with. It is an important work, ladies and gentlemen, inasmuch as it exemplifies his theories with remarkable lucidity. The piece is called A Fantasia Expressive of the Extension of the Number to its Square. You will now be able to comprehend more clearly the next number on the program, which is Mr. Thompson's study in D major of the extraction of the Cube Root."

I should have flown wildly from the building but for the company, for I hate to walk over my fellow creatures, and finding that I was in for it I shrank into myself as far as I could, seeking to busy my mind with matters that did not relate to the present; but in vain, for the dreadful Thompson, beginning at each end of the keyboard, worked chromatically, laboriously, systematically and exasperatingly toward the middle, where he ended with his one note. It sounded like the foregoing piece played backward, with additions, and was as delightful as algebra or a surgical

operation. Mr. Thompson looked over his audience as if inquiring if they had noticed how easy it was, and in what high training he had found himself. I perspired ice water, and asked a man next to me how much more there would be. He said he believed about two hours, and was apparently calm and willing.

Spectacles looked sternly over the room as if to detect and reprove any indication of nervousness and said: "Mr. Thompson had intended to play his Geometrical Progression from a Unit Basis, which is one of the most symmetrical and admirable of his later works, but in order to give within the usual limits of time a conspectus of the New Music he will omit that this evening and take up the next division, which is the philosophic. After three examples of his work in that field he will proceed to the psychologic, the ethical, the religious and the hypnotic. The next number will be Reflections on Kant's Essay on the False Subtlety of the Four Syllogistic Figures."

And Mr. Thompson played it. Don't ask me what it was, for I was suffering too much to know. Suffice it that Brahms never went ahead of it when he was doing his darndest. As a closing series of discords mercifully resolved themselves into the major chord, Mr. Thompson struck the flatted seventh, a suspension which promised to lead into a fresh horror, and I doubled up for a spring. But he stopped, ending the thing in that preparatory manner. Probably it was the close of a chapter and the ear demanded the next, just as the reader of serial fiction wants to know what happened to the heroine who was left hanging over the edge of the precipice by the eyebrows. But my ear didn't demand any more; I know when I have enough. I said in a low but energetic tone, "Lemme out." And the people between me and the door folded their legs and looked offended. I made a graceless but eager exit. At the door an elderly philosopher, clad in a Prince Albert coat that had seen better days in the eighties, gazed upon my retreating figure with aggrieved surprise. "It cannot be," he said, "that you are going to leave without hearing Mr. Thompson's prelude to Herbart's 182d Proposition on the Collective Concept!"

"You bet I am!" I answered, as I wiped my brow with trembling hand. "What kind of a place is this anyhow?"

"Why, Mr. —, who lives here, is a very advanced man, and he has taken a great interest in the new music."

"Music! Was that music?"

"You surprise me! What else could it be?"

"Noise—rot—lunacy—anything you like!"

"Ah! You are like the rest. That is the way they spoke of Wagner, of Berlioz, of Liszt, that is the way some of them now speak of Brahms and Strauss."

"Heaven and earth! Is music coming to this? Is it to be entirely lacking in emotion?"

"Motion? Oh, Mr. Thompson has written some light things that express motion very well. His Concentric—"

"No, no. I said e-motion."

"Well, now, what do you mean by emotion?"

"Why—er—feelings, sentiments, affections—all that sort of thing."

"I've read of that, but I don't understand it. I believe that we who are here agree that they are symptoms. What was it you had when you had them?"

"What a question! Why music, poetry, painting, architecture, sculpture, love of form, light, color beauty. Emotion? It's the soul of art. Without it we should all be like that creature inside there—dry bones—figures—ciphers, rather."

"Oh, blasphemy! Stay and hear this next piece and be converted. Stay and—"

He laid hold upon my coat tail. Mr. Thompson was beginning in the parlor. His preliminary chord was C, C sharp, E, F and G sharp, with A in the bass. With a yell of horror I broke away. I felt my coat rip at the seams. No matter. Anything rather than Thompson and his music. But the old man was in pursuit. His form was looming supernaturally tall, his eyes were big and green and cruel, he bounded after me like a panther, he clutched

me by the shoulder, I turned, aimed a blow at his face and struck with all my might. I cracked my knuckles against the bed post.

Was it a dream, or a prophecy?

I turn from the review of that dreadful experience with cheerfulness to record the arrival of Rob Roy. Some people I know claim that this opera is a hard experience, but if one must have music indoors in such stifling weather as we had last week Rob Roy is about the figure. So cooling in its lack of draperies, too. Such idyls as one composes about a few of those legs. The Whitney Opera Company has not changed much since it was here last. Richard Carroll is still practicing his monkey shins, and Joseph Sheehan, William McLaughlin, John G. Bell, Juliette Cordon, Lizzie MacNichol and Anna O'Keefe are singing at least as well as ever, if not a little more so. The portly Pruette is absent from the cast, and Mr. C. T. Baguley takes his place—a man of a good deal of bulk and a good deal of voice, and a satisfactory man in the title part.

Speaking of stage music have you noticed how much less bad the concealed quartet in The Prisoner of Zenda is than usual? Unless the piece is a variety farce, or something of The Old Homestead order, it is seldom fitted with singers, even though there is singing in each act. The actors are often allowed to wheeze and croak and cackle, for while one may have a good or even a melodious speaking voice he may become a nuisance if he has never learned how to use it in singing. In so good a company as Modjeska used to travel with I have heard songs that would make a cigar store Indian sit on the hot sidewalk and cry. But Mr. Sothorn has the taste to employ, or sanction, people who do not too often or too wilfully go off from the key, and with his tolling bell, his organ and his death chant he makes his last scene romantic and impressive. Most operatic people would sing it better and spoil it, because they could not act.

I grieve to record the death of Dr. Emmet T. Gammage, musical editor of the *Citizen*. He was a versatile, enthusiastic, hard working and practical man. Though a student for the ministry and a graduate in medicine, one or two of his theses having been medaled in his native England, and though he had rough service in the East as an army surgeon—he saw the charge at Balaklava—he was fond of music and that claimed him. In his younger days he had a fine tenor voice and appeared in concert with Sims Reeves, Jenny Lind and Clara Novello, while Costa and Bishop allowed him to "sub" with them as conductor in the festivals at the Crystal Palace. Coming to this country at twenty-eight he taught singing and the piano and for some time led the Brooklyn Choral Society. He assisted in a festival at our big rink. As I recall his effects with voices they were somewhat conventional, yet they proved his spirit and understanding. He held German music in less regard than some men whom I have met, though he kept a deep admiration for the sound old masters, Bach, Haydn, Handel and Mozart. His reading and practice were wide, his style argumentative, assertive and independent, yet leaning far toward mercy. In his manner he was so simple and unaffected that his real importance was unguessed. I never heard the national hymn that he wrote, but have heard praise of it.

Quite another sort of person is a man of this city, of whom I was told by a newspaper writer. This fellow was a clerk in a shop—I believe he sold shoes, or collars—until, envious of the success of some of the minor teachers of music whom he knew he went into the business for himself, and prospered. I presume that he reads music now, but he didn't when he began teaching, and through cheek and persistence he got indorsements from big men, not merely among the laity either. I understand that he had the assurance to run a choral society one time. I never heard him sing or saw him lead, but have taken the word of others that he was all right. And if you will turn to your Rousseau's Confessions you will find that the author of that amiable work did exactly the same thing; only, his confidence deserted him and he broke down and miserably

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discovered himself to be a fraud in the middle of a concert. The Brooklyn Woman's Club had tea, minds and music at its last gathering. The music was partly Swedish, and was sung by the Swedish Ladies' Quartet, partly Russian, partly Polish, Belgian and Scotch. Miss Carrie Teale, a studious young player on the violin, for whom many hopes are entertained, gave Musin and Ole Bull numbers, and there was agreeable piano playing by Mrs. Eleanor Garrigue Ferguson and agreeable singing by Miss Esperanza Garrigue.

Mrs. Tersah Hamlen-Ruland, a first-rate contralto, had a benefit in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church on Tuesday night, when she was heard in a diversity of things, ranging from opera to ballad. Her deep, strong, vibrant tones also blended with the lighter, lark-like notes of Mrs. de Vere-Sapio in the Quis est Homo. Mrs. Sapio sang in French, English, Italian and Latin with equal facility and felicity, and the other participants were Mr. John Hyatt Brewer, director and organist; Mr. Maurice Kauffmann, violinist, who set too hard a task for himself and got fidgety about it; Mr. R. Sapio, accompanist, and the Hatton Quartet, composed of Messrs. See, Clarendon, Knapp and Crisfield, who sang in excellent time and tune and with correct expression. The patrons were many and influential.

There was a large crowd in the Baptist Temple on the same evening, when a benefit was given to a home. Professor Bowman at the organ, the Amphion Quartet, Mrs. M. Louise Mundell, contralto; Miss Lavinia Sutcliffe, soprano; Miss Marion Short, reader, and Mr. B. F. Chase, the blind tenor, whose affliction seems in no wise to have affected his voice or his happy temperament—these furnished the bill.

At the special service in St. Ann's on Thursday night Mr. Walter Henry Hall drew upon the Philharmonic Society for two trumpets, two trombones and tympani to support the choir and organ.

A sad event of the week was the removal of Prof. E. C. Phelps, the teacher and composer, to a sanitarium. The professor is but a little beyond middle life, and until recently has seemed in health, though on the last occasion of my meeting with him his eye seemed weak and staring, and his voice feeble. He had an alert and nervous manner, and might impress one as eccentric, but not as crazy. Recently, however, his talk has been wild. He believed that he had a divine commission to write music—how many others might be in the asylum if that belief would send them there!—and he also fancied that he was to take up the art of music where Wagner left it and carry it to undreamed of triumphs. Happy faith! Professor Phelps taught singing in the schools, and he was an active and incessant writer, though I suppose it was but a little of his work that ever got into the public ear. He wrote a cantata, David, the Son of Jesse, that was produced at our Academy of Music for two or three nights with some success, and when the Brooklyn Music Hall was opened—it is now an innocuous furniture shop—he directed the musical part of the inaugural ceremonies, giving among other matters his own Hiawatha symphony with a part of the Thomas Orchestra. The allegation has been made that he was the first native American to lead a grand orchestra, antedating Mr. George F. Bristow by a few years in that experience, but I should doubt the correctness of that statement.

Such of Professor Phelps' music as I have heard has indicated artistic prompting and occasionally contained a pleasing sentiment, but it has little authority and salient character. We must credit him with the attempt to make American music in the Hiawatha symphony. His lapse is ascribed to a too prolonged and severe devotion to his art. He could not stand the strain. He lived only in music and for it. Moral: Cultivate a hobby. Raise poultry or Cain. Write poetry. Decorate china. Ride on a bicycle. Yes, that's it; ride on a bicycle. Then, if anything breaks it will be your legs, and not your mind. On a wheel you have no time for a mind, and that is the beauty of it. The

family of Professor Phelps will have the sympathy of our public in this affliction, and the hope that it will not be long enduring. He has a son and daughter of some note as flute player and violinist, both having appeared in concert.

This varied chronicle must likewise include a rumor of moment to the faithful sisterhood at Brighton Beach. It is that Mr. Seidl is going to "popularize" his concerts to a greater extent than last year, in order to win people from the chipper Sousa. Hm! let us consider. People who like light music generally like it loud, and think it is best on a brass band. Will they, therefore, go to hear it played by an orchestra? Likewise, the Wagner and the symphony nights at the Beach last summer were, to my recollection, the most popular, and perhaps, after all, that is the meaning of his announcement.

Public taste has not stood still in the last twenty years, and because we once liked the elder Strausses and Donizetti and Bellini, it does not follow that we shall never want anything else. Mr. Seidl, or the Seidl Society, would do well to think this matter over. If the distinguished leader is to be set at work fiddling dance tunes with interspersions of English ballads he may as well get the shutters ready, for he will be estranging the very class on whom he is dependent for success. A few experiments will settle it, but I am willing to bet that a bill made up of Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven and Wagner will draw better than one consisting of Delibes, "Miss Wagner," Von Suppé and the like.

Wouldn't it be funny if Seidl were to take to the Strauss waltzes and John P. Sousa were to do Bach fugues and Die Götterdämmerung? C. S. MONTGOMERY.

At Mr. Karl's Studio.

A DELIGHTFUL musicale and reception to Mr. Ben Davies was given by the tenor, Mr. Tom Karl, at his studio, 18 West Seventy-fifth street, on Sunday evening, May 10. The studio, which by reason of its space and charmingly artistic setting, is well adapted for entertaining purposes, was crowded with people of interest and prominence from the world both of art and fashion. There was a pleasant combination of well-known faces, pretty gowns, and softly hued lamps, and the perfume of an abundance of fresh roses completed a most harmonious atmosphere. The night was insufferably hot, and Mr. Karl's hospitality had also not forgotten the pleasant delights which in cool beverages and light refectio do lie. Everybody looked happy and at ease and enjoyed an informal program of really excellent music.

The guest of honor, Ben Davies, sang some English songs with the usual warm feeling and the prodigal abundance of tone which make his work so satisfying. When he gave in his own spontaneous way Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes there was a hum of satisfaction among his hearers in advance, and certainly their expectancy was well rewarded. Mr. Tom Karl sang with great freshness and vigor. His voice is in better order to-day than during his latter performances on the stage. With Perry Averill he sang The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above, from Benedict's Lily of Killarney, and sang it delightfully.

Miss Grace Tuttle, the talented young soprano, who made her formal debut last winter in New York, also sang charmingly. This voice is unusually even in its production, and of refined musical quality. Miss Geraldine Morgan and Mr. Paul Morgan played some violin and cello solos and duets. Mr. Perry Averill sang some solos with great feeling and sonority, and a young girl pupil of Joseffy, whose name was not caught, varied matters by some excellent piano playing.

It was altogether a very pleasant social and artistic affair, the music being of particular interest. Mr. Orton Bradley presided at the piano.

Mascagni.—The latest Italian reports state that Mascagni has finished his Vestibla and is at work on a Nero. How about Boito's Nero?

Metropolitan Stars in Midocean.

A CONCERT was given on board the steamer Campania on April 20 by the Metropolitan artists en voyage in aid of the Seamen's Charities of Liverpool and New York. The following was the program, which netted the neat sum of 4,000 frs. for the benefit. Lord Gough was in the chair:

Chorus, Rataplan (Huguenots).....	Meyerbeer
Duet, La ci Daram (Don Giovanni).....	Mozart
Miss Marie Engle and Signor Ancona.	
Violin solo, Romance.....	Svendsen
Mr. Nahon Franko.	
Solo, Prologue (Pagliacci).....	Leoncavallo
Signor Ancona.	
Air, La Gioconda.....	Ponchielli
Mme. Mantelli.	
Song, Calm as the Night.....	Bohm
Signor Russitano.	
Address.	Lord Gough.
Duet, La Favorita.....	Donizetti
Mme. Mantelli and Signor Ancona	
Air, Villanelle.....	Dell'Acqua
Miss Marie Engle.	
Violin solo, Panta'sie on Airs (Mignon).....	Sarasate
Mr. Nahon Franko.	
Song, La Fermière.....	Mme. Guy d'Hardelot
Signor Ancona (accompanied by the composer).	
Polish Song.....	
Mlle. Lola Beeth.	
Soldiers' Chorus, Faust.....	Gounod
Mme. Melba, the artists and chorus.	
God Save the Queen.....	
Conductors—Signor Bevignani, Mr. Hermann Klein and Signor Seppilli.	
Chorus Master—Signor Corsi.	

The singers, players, choristers and conductors were one and all in glorious form, not having suffered an hour's torment from the moment of departure, with the exception of Melba and Lola Beeth. Melba remained longer in correspondence with the fishes than she anticipated when she allowed her name to go down as leader of the Soldiers' Chorus, and Lola Beeth was unable to skip forth from retirement to sing her blonde, coquette Polish Song.

But the rest did nobly. Mantelli had what the French aboard called a "succès fou," and had to sing Guy d'Hardelot's Sans Toi for one encore, in which she was accompanied by the composer at the piano. Ancona had another tremendous success and Mme. d'Hardelot's songs, together with the composer's interesting and practically musical individuality, were strongly in evidence throughout the voyage.

The seamen and a hungry lot of music lovers who were ten times as glad for the chance to buy a ticket as they could ever be made feel on land, blessed these non-seasick operatic people with a mighty blessing. All those billed enjoyed a boundless health and vocal vigor every minute of the voyage except Melba and Beeth; they were hermetically sealed throughout and could not even crawl to the saloon door to hear their brethren and sisters lift up their voices for charity.

Della Rogers.—Miss Della Rogers has returned to Paris from Milan, where she has been playing at la Scala Ratcliffe and Andrea Chénier, in which she originated the double rôles of *La Contessa di Coigny* and *Madlon*. She is resting with her mother in their elegant home at 23 Avenue Niel. The repose will not be very complete, however, as she commences the study of German at once.

Miss Rogers has a repertory of some twenty-eight operas in French and Italian, as follows:

ITALIAN.—Hamlet, Ratcliffe, Carmen, Navarraise, Aida, Trovatore, Lohengrin, Amico Fritz, Zanetto, Falstaff, Gioconda, Henry VIII., Samson and Dalila, Rigoletto, Andrea Chénier, Tannhäuser, Mephisto, La Vie Bohème (Puccini).

FRENCH.—Aida, Hamlet, Carmen, Navarraise, Charles VI., Prophet, Favorita, Lohengrin, Samson and Dalila, Rigoletto, Faust (*Marguerite*), Vivandière.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
239 Wabash Avenue, May 16, 1896.

OF music news in Chicago there is little. Beyond the production of a comic opera written by a local composer, and which evidently was put on the stage for the amusement of said composer's friends and to fill up part of a week pending the arrival of the star Rivals, there has been absolutely nothing of consequence or interest.

All the artists belonging to Chicago are absent. Liebling, Sherwood and Godowsky touring; the good artists still remaining here are rushing to the tenth floor of the Auditorium to sign contracts for exclusive managements with T. Z. Cowles and Bernhard Ulrich, of the Chicago Amusement Bureau. Having thus satisfactorily settled themselves for the next season, they make for some of the summer resorts abounding in and around Chicago, or, as they do in London, close the front of the house and live in the rear for the next three months, and tell their friends they are summering abroad. Still wherever they are they rest content in the knowledge that their business interests are in good hands when Messrs Cowles and Ulrich have them in charge.

That excellent organization the Spiering Quartet was engaged for a concert at Cincinnati Thursday, May 14, playing under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Club. There are very few good quartets in America, but this is one of them, and undoubtedly the quartet of the West.

Mme. Marguerite Krosser gave an interesting piano recital on Tuesday of last week, when she was assisted by Mrs. Helen N. Burton, Mr. Theo. Martin and Mr. Ellis Chase. Mme. Krosser is an earnest and painstaking pianist, with a predilection for playing Liszt and Chopin.

Signor Marescalchi, the eminent baritone, had a very successful concert on Thursday in Steinway Hall. The following was the program:

Hungarian Rhapsodie (No. 3).....	Liszt
Grand aria from opera Norma.....	Signor Goré.
Credo—opera Otello.....	Signorina Moreska.
Polonaise.....	Signor Marescalchi.
Trio—The Moths.....	Mr. Bert A. Shepherd.
Sonata, op. 2, No. 3.....	Misses Carsen, Kramer, Condon.
Aria for alto—Italians in Algeri.....	Signor Goré.
Last Night.....	Miss Kate Condon.
Souvenir de Haydn.....	Mr. Bert A. Shepherd.
Duo—opera Barbieri de Seviglia.....	Signorina Moreska, Signor Marescalchi.
Nocturne in D flat.....	Chopin
Valse in E major.....	Signor Goré.
Fior che langue.....	Signorina Moreska.
Riturnelle.....	Signor Marescalchi.
Aria—Barbieri de Seviglia.....	Signor Goré.
Angels' Dance, caprice.....	Signor Goré.
Quartet—opera Rigoletto.....	Verdi
Misses Carson, Condon; Mr. Frank Rushworth, Signor Marescalchi.	
Accompanist: Mrs. Amey Major.	

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The following very elaborate program has been arranged for the dramatic entertainment which will be given in Händel Hall by the Chicago Musical College on Friday evening, May 23:

Piano, Valse, D flat.....	Wieniawski
Reading, The Set of Turquoise.....	Ida Morris.
Violin—	
Hungarian Fantasia.....	Hauser
Mazurka.....	Wieniawski
Saming of the Shrew, Act II, Scene I.....	Shakespeare
Piano, Polonaise from Eugene Onegin.....	Tchaikowsky
Reading, The Confessional.....	W. W. Story
Artist Posing (by request).....	Elizabeth Beatrice Hitch.
	Mary Antoinette Miller.

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Pauline Montgomery (art student)..... Mary Kirk Rider
Rosamond Montgomery (music student)..... Mata Levy
Edythe Howells (friend of Pauline).....
Araminta Jones (aunt and chaperon of the twins).....
Katherine Van Ranslaer..... Elizabeth Beatrice Hitch
Dick Winters, art student..... Wm. McLaughlin
George Herbertson..... C. P. Brunskill
Harold Livingston..... A. E. Brown
Act I, Scene New York. Pauline Montgomery's apartments.
Act II, three months later. Scene as in Act I.
It has been generally stated that William H. Sherwood is to desert Chicago next year. This is not the case. He will remain here as head of the Chicago Conservatory. Two of his very talented pupils, Miss Mary Angell and Miss Antis, are among the chief attractions of the annual concert to be given on the 24th.

A very entertaining concert was given at La Grange on Monday night, when Mme. Oolaitka Zimmerman was the chief attraction. She sang in a refined and finished manner several well chosen selections. Among others a really graceful and original bit of writing, The Night has a Thousand Eyes, by Wilbur Macdonald, a young composer here. The song is dedicated to Mme. Zimmerman and was admirably sung.

Robert Schumann said: "The most important thing is to cultivate the sense of hearing. Take pains early to distinguish tones and keys by the ear. The bell, the window pane, the cuckoo, seek to find what tones they each give out." With this idea dominant, Mrs. Crosby Adams has worked out five tone sketches (published by Clayton F. Summy) for the benefit of beginners, which are some of the best examples I have ever seen. In musical form each little sketch lucidly tells a story in a way which will appeal to all children who are commencing to learn. Although not following after any one particular method, they are some what Schumanesque in style, but without difficulties, and are well worthy of any music teacher's interest. In fact, in any home where there are music and children they are indispensable.

Clarence Eddy is apparently possessed of the power of being in two places at once, and two as widely separate as Chicago and Paris. He is this morning reported in the daily papers as having attended the performance of The Rivals at McVicker's Theatre last night. Most of the musical world knows that he is in Paris.

Genevieve Clark Wilson, who sings in the true Henschel style, has been engaged as soprano at the Second Presbyterian Church, an appointment which has given unqualified pleasure to many who have heard this charmingly gifted singer. Her voice, method and enunciation all bespeak the artist. She is undeniably one of the foremost here, and is becoming more and more the favorite with those

who know and appreciate real music and refinement of style.

The season 1895-6 will long be remembered for the multiplicity of its distinguished visiting artists. Perhaps the violinists have predominated, Sauret possibly being first favorite. In addition to the great Frenchman, Rivarde, Ondricek and Marsick have all appeared. Materna, Lillian Blauvelt, Marie Brema, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, George Fergusson, Plunket Greene, De Vere-Sapio, Vanderveer-Green, Ben Davies, Marguerite Hall and last, but among the first in success, Ffrangcon-Davies, are some of the famous vocalists who have appeared here apart from the stars of the opera company.

Many concerts have been given, and mostly successful, from a financial as well as artistic standpoint. In three or four notable instances, however, great artists have performed to empty benches in consequence of gross mismanagement.

Would-be concert givers have learned at last that little advertising bicycle booklets are not sufficient to attract the public.
FLORENCE FRENCH.

Sousa Has Got There.



IF there is any limit to the success of John Philip Sousa as a leader and composer, it has evidently not yet been passed. There is no gainsaying the permanent success of his new opera, which De Wolf Hopper and his merry company are producing at the Broadway Theatre to weekly receipts such as Wang and Panjandrum never witnessed in the heyday of their success.

The opera has evidently come to stay. The people like it, and a majority of the critics like it, and those who don't are witnessing its prosperity with such philosophy as they can muster.

Sousa himself seems to maintain the even tenor of his way, the success of his opera having scarcely deterred him from the almost constant pursuance of his regular work. We recently chronicled the triumphs of his California tour, from which he arrived in New York in barely time to witness the rehearsal and first week's production of his new opera, and he again shook the dust of New York from his feet, and, with his band, is now traversing the cities of New England, and will continue his tour until the 14th of June, when he goes to Manhattan Beach, as usual, remaining there until September 7, when he will drop his baton for the nonce and seek rest and recreation under foreign skies.

Mr. Sousa has richly earned his success and the amazing good fortune, financial and otherwise, which has been his reward. Since the formation of his band four years ago he has been constantly before the people throughout the country, giving concerts, and his face is probably more familiar to the people of the United States than that of any other public man in the country. Meanwhile his compositions have penetrated nearly every household in the land, are the stock in trade of every dancing school and ballroom, and orchestras and bands and pianos and hand organs, wherever they exist, are attuned to Sousa's familiar and inspiring strains. Between his hand and his compositions, therefore, Sousa is rapidly becoming rich, and the royalties from his new and successful opera will add abundantly to his fortunes.

There are none who will envy Sousa the rewards of his labors. His has been no royal road to fame or fortune. He has worked hard and constantly ever since he was a mere urchin, earning his bread as a violin prodigy, and what he has achieved may be regarded as the result of ability and industry combined, and not a whit to chance. Long may he live to enjoy the results of his many triumphs! He has yet more than half a lifetime to live, for the fruition of his genius has found him still young in years, and still on the sunny side of a most promising prime. S.

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Sieveking.

IT has been the good fortune of a young American manager to have completed arrangements by which Sieveking, the eminent pianist, will return to America in November for the season 1896-7.

During a brief visit made to the United States in the winter of 1895 Sieveking established for himself here a large host of artistic friends and admirers, who eagerly look forward to his return with the added interest of meeting in the pianist a broader and riper artist.

At that period Sieveking played in Boston with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, where his reception amounted to an ovation. Enthusiasm ran to such height that at the first concert the artist had seven recalls, and at the second eight. This was his last appearance before the public in this country, a memorable one, as few pianists have managed to attain here a more inspiring triumph.

Martinus Sieveking is an artist of marvelous power of execution, charm and expression. His exquisitely delicate interpretations have seldom been equaled. His playing reveals two schools—the French and the German.

It may be that the clear rippling diamond-like brightness of the French is more decidedly evidenced, but still there are plainly visible the superb German warmth and gorgeous coloring, leaving his performance judiciously and sympathetically balanced. Sieveking is a poetic pianist and possessed of rare magnetic charm.

His coming will be looked forward to with keen interest in the world of art.

Mr. Damrosch's Plans

BEFORE Mr. Walter Damrosch sailed with his family for Europe on Saturday last he had completed all preliminaries for the opera season under his direction next winter, the object of his trip abroad being to engage his artists.

AS THE MUSICAL COURIER announced last week, an arrangement has been entered into between Messrs. Abbey & Grau and Mr. Damrosch by which the latter is to have the Metropolitan Opera House for a spring season of three weeks of German opera, and is also to have the use of certain of the principal artists of the Abbey & Grau Company for occasional performances of opera in French outside of New York city. All these arrangements were completed on Wednesday last.

Mr. Damrosch was seen by a representative of this paper on Friday. "Messrs. Abbey & Grau," he said, "have acted in the most liberal manner with me in these arrangements, and I desire so to announce it."

"My season will begin in January in Philadelphia. The performances there will be practically guaranteed. We shall not play in Chicago, as the only dates I could secure there would conflict with those of Messrs. Abbey & Grau, and under the arrangement existing between them and me such conflict of dates must be avoided."

"The other cities my company will visit will be Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Pittsburgh. There is a probability also that some other performances will be given in smaller cities, but the above, with of course New York, have been settled upon."

"My plans include the giving of opera in French as well as German, and our arrangement will give me Mme. Calvé and Mme. Melba for performances in Philadelphia and other singers as well if I find it necessary to have them."

"I cannot, of course, say anything about the artists I expect to engage while abroad. I am going directly to Berlin. My future movements are not well defined. I expect to return early in July and spend the rest of the summer at Bar Harbor."

Mr. Damrosch will arrange the tour of his company so that he will be able to conduct all the concerts of the Symphony and Oratorio societies in this city.

Plans for the seasons of these have been formulated, and they look to the regular season of the Oratorio Society and additional afternoon concerts of the Symphony Orchestra at popular prices. Presumably the concerts will be given in Carnegie Hall, as heretofore.

A co-operative plan has been agreed upon by the members of the Symphony Orchestra. That organization has for some time been paid out of a guarantee fund subscribed by the directors. That is up to last year, when Mr. Damrosch kept it together at his own expense. This year he felt he could not do this, and that the organization might be maintained and the concerts given the musicians agreed in lieu of salary to share pro rata in the expenses and the profits. Mr. Damrosch would say nothing further regarding his new arrangement than that he hoped and believed it would work to the satisfaction of all.

News Far Ahead.

NEXT spring season of the Abbey & Grau opera at the Auditorium, Chicago, opens February 15. Melba and Calvé are in the casts.

The Damrosch season in Cincinnati, at Music Hall, opens February 15, 1897, for one week. Melba and Calvé are also in the casts that week. This news would again indicate that Calvé has already been engaged for next season, despite rumors to the contrary.

Gretry.—The little theatre of the Galerie Vivienne, Paris, revived lately Grétry's charming little opera, *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, with great success.

Carlos Gomez.—The Brazilian composer Carlos Gomez has left Milan for his home where the nuts grow. It is doubtful whether he will be able ever to return to Italy, as he is not in the best of health.

Mozart.—A statue of Mozart is to be erected at Prague, in front of the Conservatory, within sight of the Villa Bertramka, where he composed *Don Giovanni*, a work the success of which after its first performance at Prague reminds one of the musical glories of the Bohemian capital.

Milan.—The first performance of *Chatterton* at Milan is said to have not gained the success it had at its first production at Rome. This is attributed to the intrigues of Ricordi, whose interests would be threatened by a work that did not belong to his firm. The second performance, however, was a triumph, and Leoncavallo was called out twenty-five times.

A Musical Novel.—The *Trovatore* of Milan notices the production of a *novella musicale* by a wealthy amateur. It is named *Pasqua sull'Alpe*, and both text and music are by the wealthy amateur. The performance took place in a friend's palace. Of course the applause was infinite, and the composer received ovations, calls and presents. There are many curious names in the world. Boston once had *Preserved Fish*, and England *Praise God Barebones*, and Germany rejoices in *Traugott Ochs*, and with these the *Marchese F. Dondi dall'Orologio* may be classed. Is he Mr. What's o'Clock or Mr. Ding-dong Bell?

Mlle. Francisca (Miss Michelson).—At the Marchesi Opera Concert given in Paris recently, a serious impression was made on critics, musicians and friends by the unusually brilliant talents, as singer and actress, of Mlle. Francisca, Miss Fannie Michelson, of San Francisco, Cal., in the *Duos* and *Air* from *Rigoletto* sung with artists from the Paris Grand Opéra. The impression was assisted by the great beauty of the singer, a blonde of refined features, lustrous black eyes, and beautiful form.

Mlle. Francisca is prepared with a repertory of twelve operas to make a début with profit to art, a manager and herself. The Parisian press has united in her praise.

New Director for the Paris Conservatory.

NEWS reached here on Monday through our London office that M. François Clément Théodore Dubois has been appointed director of the Paris Conservatory, to succeed the late Ambroise Thomas. Born at Rosney fifty-nine years ago, he was a pupil at the Conservatoire of Marmontel, Bazin, Benoist and Ambroise Thomas. He gained the Prix de Rome in 1861, and five years later was appointed choirmaster at Ste. Clotilde, for which church he wrote his *Sept Paroles du Christ*. In 1871 he became a professor of harmony at the Conservatoire, and in 1877 he succeeded Saint-Saëns as organist at the Madeleine. He has written comic and serious operas, ballets, church music, orchestral, chamber, organ and other works, part songs, choruses, songs and numerous piano pieces.

Amsterdam.—Stage Manager Harder, of New York, was invited by the Amsterdam Wagner Society to mount *Tristan* for the performances on May 8 and 10.

Leipzig.—The birthday of King Albert of Saxony was celebrated at the Conservatory on April 24 by a concert with the following program: Concerto, F major, Bach; Andante, from Symphony No. 4, Bruckner; piano solos, A Sonnet by Petrarch, Liszt; Scherzo in B flat minor, Chopin, and Fest overture, op. 60, R. Volkmann.

Paul Botticelli.—M. Paul Botticelli, first violinist of the Lamoureux Concert Company, wishes to go to America as professor in conservatory or orchestra with a view of making tournées through the States. Aside from the prestige his Parisian position gives him as violinist of distinction, M. Botticelli has a book filled with admirable press notices in French and Italian. Would be pleased to hear of such an opportunity through THE MUSICAL COURIER or directly, 32 Rue des Martyrs, Paris.

Lilli Lehmann Coming.—It is announced that Lilli Lehmann will visit the United States this season for a concert tour in company with Reinhold L. Herman, the composer and pianist. It is known that Mme. Lehmann has had such a tour in view for some time, her European concerts with Mr. Herman having proved an enormous success. It may therefore be assumed among the probabilities that Lehmann and Herman will be among the musical features this coming season.

New Works.—The City Theatre of Frankfurt has just given with success *Trischka*, comic opera by E. Meyer-Helmuund. The Miller of Sans Souci, by Otto Urbach, will soon be given at the same theatre.—The Lieutenant of the Navy, by M. L. Roth, has been produced at Munich, and *Figaro at Court*, by A. Müller-Norden, at Laybach, both with success.—Humperdinck has just finished the music for the celebrated Spanish drama, *The Judge of Zalamea*.—At Stettin a new one act opera *Gunare*, by J. Laubner, had fair success.

Leipzig.—The last official report respecting the meeting of the Tonkünstlerverein at Leipzig informs us that the festival begins May 29 with a concert in the St. Thomas Church: *Te Deum* by Berlioz and the *Missa Solenis* by Liszt; on May 30 a chamber music concert of exclusively Russian compositions in the New City Theatre; on May 31, in the evening, a chamber concert of old works; on June 1 a matinée performance at the Royal Conservatory and in the evening an orchestral concert at the New Gewandhaus. The conductors named are Dr. Kretzschmar and F. Weingartner. The assistance of the Gewandhaus orchestra and the Riedel Verein has been secured, but that of the Bohemian String Quartet is doubtful. The performance at the Royal Conservatory tendered to the visitors will be directed by Capellmeister Sitt and executed by the pupils of the conservatory.

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PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9, 1896.

EUROPE may have some features in music not yet our own, but we surely have one thing that they have not—namely, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization of artists that may well be called perfect in every way. It is hardly possible to think of anything more beautiful in tone, more brilliant in execution, than the rendering of the program of the last Symphony concert. It consisted, aside from Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony (repeated by request), of selections from Wagner's works, most of them played at the New York concert which brought forth such unanimous praise and enthusiastic reports from the whole metropolitan press. The success of the last season must have been very gratifying to the management, as the attendance showed a marked increase over the previous year.

The Arion Club finished its season with two concerts. On the first night the *Damnation of Faust*, by Berlioz, was given, with Clementine de Vere-Sapio, Wm. H. Rieger and Campanari. I was not able to attend the performance, which has been reported to your paper by your Boston correspondent. The second night was the so-called artists' night. The soloists were: Mme. Lillian Nordica, Gertrude May Stein, Dr. Clarence C. Davis (tenor) and Fred. L. Martin (bass).

Mme. Nordica wore the diamond tiara given to her by her New York admirers, and was reported to me as having worn the most patriotic dress—red, white and blue—suggesting very strongly the Fourth of July. Unfortunately I could not detect any dress from my place, as only the upper body of the fair singer was visible. In spite of all these attractions and in spite of the reputation of the great singer, Gertrude May Stein scored an immense success with her artistic singing and was very soothing to the eye in her modest way and quiet appearance without effects à la parisienne.

Providence and its puritanical environments seem to be a little small for such metropolitan effects, as is also shown by the little interest Nana, the famous picture, has aroused here.

The first number on the program was the Meistersinger Vorspiel, and it can be safely said that it was the weakest, flattest and most colorless performance of this strong master work that was ever given in Providence. The musicians are, perhaps, more to blame than Mr. Jordan, who has had but very little experience as orchestral conductor. If the musicians could not raise sufficient enthusiasm under Mr. Jordan's baton they ought to have had respect enough for the composition. But every spring these gentlemen go forth from the modern Athens—their musical Boston—into the wilderness, and do not think it very necessary to trouble themselves too much. Besides that, they do all the kicking and unpleasant things in the rehearsals that they would like to do under their Boston conductor if they only dared. Aside from the mechanical playing of the Vorspiel, they showed their lack of interest in various ways, especially at the closing chords of the arias and solos. The orchestra ought to help a conductor, not make it harder for him, for the greatest conductor is powerless without the good will of the orchestra members.

Mme. Nordica sang three songs and the solo part in Jordan's *Barbara Frietchie*, which was given again by request. The accompaniments to the songs were played in a very finished and highly artistic way by Mrs. O. B. Corbitt, of this city. Miss Stein sang an aria by Bemberg, *La mort de Jeanne d'Arc*, a very melodious and interesting composition. Dr. Davis and Mr. Martin assisted, with Miss Stein, in two selections from Bruch's *Arminius*, sung by the club, and all the soloists combined their efforts in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. It was here that Dr. Davis did some very good work, although a trifle nervous in the beginning. Dr. Davis has a strong voice of true tenor quality, although showing but very little emotion. Special praise is due to Mr. Martin, another local singer, who took Mr. Bushnell's part at very short notice, and carried it out in a very effective way.

The club sang brilliantly, as usual, and the male voices gave a fine performance of the soldiers' chorus from Gounod's *Faust*. It seems as though the club were a trifle top heavy, the number of sopranos being in no proportion to the other parts, and in forte places the other voices were completely drowned. A reducing of the soprano voices would balance the club better without taking away anything from its renowned brilliancy and tone color. The festival was a fitting close to the successful season of the club, and the work of the members and their untiring leader, Mr. Jordan, was fully appreciated by the audience, and shown by their enthusiastic demands for encores, cheerfully granted by conductor and artists.

A short recital was given by Messrs. Wilbur and Miller at their studio, assisted by Mr. Irving P. Irons (tenor). The selections for piano consisted of three numbers for four hands, two of them were symphonies by Beethoven (V.) and Schubert (unfinished one). It seems rather odd to select arrangements of orchestral works when there is such immense literature of pieces specially written for this purpose by our best composers.

At St. John's Church Mr. Eccles, the organist, will in the future give the full order of service adapted by the Choir Guild of Massachusetts. Mr. Eccles has improved the choir very much of late, and will undoubtedly be successful in his undertaking.

The monthly meeting of the Rhode Island Musical Association took place at Grace Church, where the members listened to a splendid organ recital by Mr. H. C. MacDougall. The program contained pieces by Bach, Handel, Saint-Saëns, Buck and Guilman, embracing the old and modern school of organ compositions.

H. SOH.

Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 8, 1896.

THE annual May Festival of the Albany Musical Association was held in Harmanus Bleecker Hall Wednesday and Thursday of this week, and it is my happy privilege to say that the festival, as a whole, was the grandest musical performance ever given in this city, thanks to the untiring efforts of Conductor Arthur Mees and the conscientious and hard work performed by the members of the chorus and the board of directors. The program for Wednesday evening was Berlioz's *Faust*, with the following cast: *Marguerite*, Mme. Clementine De Vere-Sapio; *Faust*, Mr. Wm. H. Rieger; *Mephisto*, Mr. Max Heinrich; *Brander*, Mr. J. Armour Galloway; chorus and orchestra of fifty picked from Seidl's and the Philharmonic orchestras.

The Musical Association gave *Faust* in this city two years ago with great success, and its repetition was even better. Throughout there was a snap and dash which made the performance almost perfect. As to the soloists, they all sang well.

Mr. Rieger sang beautifully, and the excellent work done by Mr. Galloway in his small part of *Brander* was an agreeable surprise. He has good stuff in him, and with a little more experience will become one of the greatest of American oratorio basses.

The chorus sang well and the orchestra played beautifully.

The afternoon concert of Thursday was highly enjoyable, the program being:

Symphony No. 5, From the New World, Dvorák; recitative and aria, *Non mi dir*, from Don Giovanni, Mozart; Miss Minnie Tracey; overture and bacchanale, *Taunhäuser*, Wagner; aria, *O Hail, I Greet Thee*, Wagner; Frau Amalia Materna; prelude, *Tristan and Isolde*, Wagner; *Isolde's Liebestod*, Wagner, Materna.

This concert served to introduce to Albanians Miss Minnie Tracey, an Albany girl who has achieved quite a success, having studied abroad, and who sang with the Hinrichs Grand Opera Company, of Philadelphia. It was too bad that she suffered from hoarseness; nevertheless she showed herself to be an artist with a beautiful voice and executive ability. Her work at this concert entitles her to the highest praise.

However, it remained for the last concert, Thursday evening, to top the thing off and leave the season of 1896 to end in a blaze of musical glory. The program was Mo-

zart's *Requiem*, with the following: Mme. Koert-Kronold, Mme. Carl Alves, Mr. J. H. McKinley and Mr. George W. Fergusson. The chorus never did better work than in the *Requiem*, and the cues were all caught up and a conception manifested which proves conclusively that there is no work in choral extent beyond the Albany Musical Association. Mme. Kronold made a decided impression by her beautiful singing, and is one of the most pleasing sopranos we have had in Albany for a long time.

Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah* followed, the cast being: *Samson*, Mr. J. H. McKinley; *Delilah*, Mrs. Carl Alves; *High Priest*, Mr. G. W. Fergusson; *Aged Hebrew*, Mr. J. A. Galloway. This performance went off as if by inspiration, the work done by each singer being magnificent in the highest sense of the word. The orchestra and chorus did their share nobly, and to Mr. Mees belongs a great deal of credit for his reading of the score. It was bright and masterly, and this festival has demonstrated one thing more than another—that Mr. Mees is the right man in the right place, and one who has attained great results from this chorus. To Mr. Fred Denison comes a share of the praise for his valuable assistance to Mr. Mees at rehearsals.

I am afraid that if the Musical Association does not get 350 associate members for next year it will have to disband. It seems strange to me that a city representing so much wealth and culture should permit the breaking up of this organization. The whole thing resolves itself into these questions. Do Albanians want to hear great works? Does the Albany public wish to sustain the Musical Association? Will the Albany public put their hands into their pockets and support it?

If they do not it will be one of the darkest blots on the fair name of our city in the line of art in one of its truest forms.

Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* will be given at the hall June 7 with a chorus of 250 and orchestra of fifty, with Mr. F. Brueschweiler as conductor. It will be a big event and is for the benefit of the French Church.

Albany amateurs will produce *The Mikado* the first three nights of next week.

Mr. James Gregory Maher, organist of the Sacred Heart Church, and Mr. M. T. Hickey, solo baritone of the same church, have returned from an extended trip to Italy and France. Mr. Hickey studied for several months abroad, and I would greatly like to hear him in concert. Before he left he was considered one of the finest baritones in this section, and now it remains to be seen what foreign study has done for him.

ALFRED S. BENDELL.

An Elmira Musicales.—The following notice refers to Miss Alice J. Roberts' musicale on May 19:

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock the pupils of Miss Roberts, assisted by John Rosaa's string quartet, gave a very attractive program at Miss Roberts' residence, 800 Union place.

Those who gave the program, beside the quartet, were Miss Edith S. Brooks, Miss Ethel A. Roberts, Miss Lulu Burns, Miss Louise Baxter, Miss Hammer, of Wellsburg; Miss Shoemaker and Miss Chaffee, of Waverly, and Miss Lulu Raymond, of Sayre. The young ladies acquitted themselves with a great amount of credit, giving their numbers from memory and with considerable finish of technique and interpretation.

The program embraced several novelties, including a caprice, No. 3, by Stavenhagen, which was played with charming grace by Miss Raymond. Nicod's *Tarentelle* in G minor was also exceptionally well given by Miss Burns.—*Elmira Daily Gazette*, May 19.

Heinrich Meyn at Montclair, N. J.—Mr. Heinrich Meyn sang last week with marked success the rôle of *Adam* in Massenet's *Eve* with the Montclair Glee Club. Following is from the Newark *Sunday Call* May 17: "Mr. Meyn sang his part beautifully, giving it a true interpretation. He was great in the duet. His voice is a high baritone, having almost a tenor quality, and it rang out thrillingly in some passages. Mr. Meyn was made the recipient of a handsome laurel wreath."

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People's Choral Union.

THE People's Choral Union, numbering 1,400 voices, gave its annual monster concert on Sunday evening last in Carnegie Hall under its director, Mr. Frank Damrosch. There is infinite ground to congratulate the chorus on the rapidity and extent of its musical development, and simultaneously Mr. Damrosch on the encouraging results of his energy and skill. A year has worked wonders.

There was an orchestra, and with several minor choral numbers the larger works given were Beethoven's seldom heard cantata, *A Calm Sea* and a *Prosperous Voyage*; Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm, and Wagner's *Kaisermarsch*, with the mighty and inspiring effect of this rich and massive body of choral tone. It is vibrant in tone, too, and trained to nuance in a wonderful degree, all drawbacks considered. Rhythm and precision were surprisingly good, and purity seldom at fault.

The advanced and elementary classes were also heard separately, the advanced section doing some really excellent and delightful a capella work, a monumental tribute to Mr. Damrosch's enterprise and confidence when he undertook to gather this material from the untutored masses.

The entire concert speaks volumes for the musical outlook of New York, trained through the homes of the populace.

Carnegie Hall Directors.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Music Hall Company was held in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday last, the directors' meeting being held on the Friday following. Mr. Andrew Carnegie attended the latter.

There is but one change in the board of directors for the ensuing year, Mr. Howard Russell Butler, president of the Fine Arts Association, being added. The personnel of the board is Messrs. Andrew Carnegie, Walter Damrosch, William S. Hawk, Stephen M. Knevals, Howard R. Butler, Sherman W. Knevals, John W. Aitken, William B. Tuthill and Frederick W. Halls.

The officers elected for this year are:
President, Howard Russell Butler.
Vice-President, William P. Hawk.
Secretary, Frederick W. Halls.
Treasurer, Stephen M. Knevals.

Mr. Butler will give considerable of his time to Carnegie Hall affairs, Mr. Charles H. Sheldon remaining in the managerial position he has occupied for the past year.

Thirty-Seventh Carl Recital.

MR. WILLIAM C. CARL gave his thirty-seventh organ recital on Friday evening last, the 15th inst., in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. This was a crowded and really brilliant recital, Mr. Carl playing with unusual vigor, command and finish.

An organ sonata in C sharp minor of Basil Harwood is a beautiful work of large, dignified scope and massive sonority. Mr. Carl handled it in masterly style, and his admirable effects in tonal contrast, his nobility in phrasing and authoritative grasp in general made it a significant performance. It was rivaled in interest to the audience, however, by a Bach fugue in D major, played by request, with excellent clarity, decision and virtuosity, and enthusiastically appreciated by the audience.

It was a noticeable matter that Mr. Carl has brought Bach

into favor so pronounced with this clientèle that the delighted applause was among the most genuine and spontaneous of the evening. The organist played also excellently his own arrangement for organ of the flute solo *Variation de l'Amour* from Saint-Saëns' *Ascanio Ballet Suite*, a felicitous adaptation, a *Gavotte dans le Style ancien* of Neustedt, a *Canzona* of Guilman, and *Wedding March* of Widor.

Mr. Carl had the assistance of Miss Marguerite Lemon, soprano; Mr. Hans Kronold, 'cello, and Mr. Anthony Stankowitch, piano, an artistic group of soloists. The performance of Mr. Stankowitch evoked well deserved enthusiasm. He played the brilliant and difficult scherzo from Scharwenka's B flat concerto, with the orchestral part arranged for and played on organ by Mr. Carl. It was a delightful and finished bit of playing, showing admirable technical resource, and great freedom, precision and elegance in style. Mr. Stankowitch is a charming pianist. The other soloists acquitted themselves well. Altogether this was a delightfully planned and executed recital.

Musical Items.

Au Revoir, Joseffy.—Rafael Joseffy sailed yesterday for Europe on the North German Lloyd steamer Havel.

Mr. MacDowell Here.—Mr. E. A. MacDowell, the pianist and composer, and the newly elected professor of music at Columbia College, is in the city.

David Mannes Off to Europe.—Mr. David Mannes, the well-known artist, first violin of the New York Symphony Orchestra, leaves for Europe on May 28 for further study under Joachim and Halir in Berlin. Mr. Mannes will remain under six months.

Henry E. Abbey Ill.—Mr. Henry E. Abbey, of Abbey & Grau, has been lying seriously ill at his apartments in the Gilsey House. Latest reports concerning his condition are that he is convalescing as rapidly as could be expected under the circumstances.

Pizzarello Sails.—M. Jos. Pizzarello, the pianist, sails next Saturday, the 23d inst., on the *Normandie* for Europe and will return at the end of July to resume a piano class at Silver Lake, N. Y., where he is engaged to play at the two big festivals in August.

Pupil of Katharine Evans.—Miss Mildred M. Mead, who is studying with Viardot Garcia in Paris, was recently mentioned in foreign correspondence as a pupil of the New York Conservatory. Miss Mead, who is a promising vocalist, was a pupil of the National Conservatory of Music under Miss Katharine Evans.

Wm. C. Carl off to Europe.—Mr. Wm. C. Carl, the eminent organist, has decided to take a trip to Europe. He will sail the latter part of June, after finishing his concert tour. He has been granted a leave of absence from the First Presbyterian Church until September. He will return to America about the 15th of that month. While abroad he will visit Paris, where he has many friends, and later will make a tour of Switzerland. He has already booked many engagements for the fall.

The Misses Thrane at Home.—The two sisters of Mr. Victor Thrane, the well-known manager, arrived last week from Europe, where they have passed several years in study. Miss Irma Thrane, who is an excellent pianist, played informally last Saturday afternoon in Mason & Hamlin Hall, and although tired from her voyage and had hurried preparatory to leaving for the West managed to make a strong artistic impression on a small musical coterie present. The young pianist has a virile style and plays with brilliancy and authority. She commands a

clear, decisive technic and phrases with intelligence. Miss Thrane has had her training from some of the leading piano specialists in Europe and will no doubt be heard from professionally with success.

Will Succeed Margulies.—Mr. Clarence L. Graff has succeeded Mr. Leon Margulies as secretary of the Damrosch Opera Company, and will be practically the business manager for Mr. Damrosch in the coming season.

Wm. H. Rieger's Success.—The following press notices are culled from many on Mr. Wm. H. Rieger's excellent singing at the recent Albany May Festival:

Mr. Rieger as *Faust* was the most pleasing of all the soloists. He never sang better than in scenes XIII. and XIV. with Marguerite. His superb tenor voice, with its sweetness, its volume and its great carrying quality, was distinctly impressive. His *Margherita*, *I Love Thee* had de Reszké tones that thrilled one.—*Albany Journal*, May 7, 1906.

Wm. H. Rieger is never disappointing. His artistic work was the delight of the audience. He is the most satisfying tenor on the American stage to-day. He has sung so many times before Albany audiences that to criticize his work at this time is unnecessary. Sufficient is it to say that Rieger sang the rôle of *Faust*. He could not sing other than well.—*Albany Knickerbocker*, May 7, 1906.

The *Faust* of Mr. Rieger was as fine a piece of work as has been heard in Albany.—*Albany Argus*, May 7, 1906.

Princeton University Symphony Orchestra.—The second Princeton symphony concert, by an orchestra of forty musicians selected from the New York Philharmonic and Symphony societies, will be given in Alexander Hall, Princeton, to-morrow, Thursday, May 21, at 8 p. m. This series of concerts is given with a view to establishing a fund for a school of music in Princeton University. Alfred S. Baker, an alumnus of the college, who is at present professionally engaged in music in New York, is conductor. The program for the approaching concert will include Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, *Elizabeth's Greeting* from *Tannhäuser*, the *Vorspiel* from *Meistersinger*, Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*, the prologue and balladella from *Leoncavallo's Pagliacci*, and *Wotan's Abschied* from the *Walküre*. The soloists will be Mina Schilling, soprano (Damrosch Opera Company), and Wilford Watters, baritone (formerly with Carl Rosa Opera Company).

A special train will leave Princeton at 10:15, connecting at the junction with trains arriving in New York at 12:33, in Trenton at 10:47, and in Philadelphia at 11:47. Tickets, at \$1.50 and \$1 each, may be procured by applying by letter to W. K. Greene, manager Ivy Club, Princeton, N. J.

THE Conservatory and College of Music of Denver wishes a fine concert pianist and teacher, also concert violinist and teacher, for the next school year. Must be gentleman with European education. Address Oliver B. Howell (Dean), Denver, Col.

Marine Band's Horn of Plenty.—"The Marine Band, now the pride of the nation's capital," said an old musician, "had but few brass instruments except bugles when it was organized. Indeed there were but few brass instruments in use in those days, for cornets, alto horns and tubas are comparatively new. I remember to have seen the Marine Band marching through the streets of this city led by six violinists, with two or three violas, a fiddle in size between the ordinary violin and the violoncello. Nearly all the other instruments were reed, flageolets and clarinets, with an occasional French horn. The big attraction of the band for street parades was a chime of bells, which were carried on a big stick above the player's head. He shook them as the band marched along, and made a great deal of noise, if not music. Cymbals, drums, bass and snares, were more in evidence as features than now."—*Washington Evening Star*.

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No. 846.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION.

THE Boston Music Trade or Piano Trade Association has been organized, as published in these columns last week, and this was accomplished on the lines of the Chicago Association. That is to say, the manufacturer and dealer joined hands and had a dinner, and that is all it will ever amount to. It cuts the Association off the New York Association, which is purely a Manufacturers' body.

The Chicago Association, organized on the basis of four dinners a year, has reduced them now to two dinners annually, which is two more than is really needed. We remember at one dinner of that Association four members of one firm spoke, and each one spoke of the greatness of his firm. The Meahlers of Boston can accomplish the same feat with their mouths at the next Boston dinner. Mr. Chickering himself, the former president, did not attend this meeting, and why should he seat himself at a table on an equality with a small maker who has been running the Chickering piano down for years in order to sell his own, or with a crafty dealer who takes every opportunity he can get to injure the fair fame of the Chickering piano?

No, it will not work. Neither will a certain little inside scheme work which has been cooked up between two beautiful specimens of the Boston piano trade to make tools of that trade in their interests. Everything those two individuals will propose will become public property, and will naturally be discussed in these columns.

There is no logical reason for the existence of any piano association consisting of manufacturer and dealer except for the purpose of eating a cheap dinner at a high price. There is nothing congenial about it. The atmosphere is repulsive, just as the shake of the hand is unsympathetic. Men that have their pianos run into the ground by a narrow minded dealer in the daytime do not care to sit down and dine with the same man at night, even on an equal basis.

There is no reason and no sense in it, and some of the Boston piano men know this better than this paper does.

NOTICE TO BICYCLISTS.

THE invigorating exercise on the bicycle has one defect, and that is its tension on the muscles of the lower arm and wrist and the stiffening of the hand and fingers, particularly with females.

To offset this it is only necessary to practice on the piano for one-half to one hour after using the bicycle. This will not only relieve the tension of the arm and wrist, but will restore flexibility to the hands and fingers, and prepare them for more usefulness in bicycling, for piano practice not only gives flexibility but strength and power to the hands and fingers. Always practice on the piano after using the bicycle. This will prevent your hands and fingers from becoming rigid, callous, ungainly and stiff.

CAMP & STENCIL

&

Other Matters.

THE mail continues to furnish inquiries on music trade subjects and among others last week was a letter from Huntington, Ind., asking, with request not to mention name,

Will you kindly advise me as to who makes the piano known as Camp & Co. Have Camp & Co. a factory at present or is the above-named instrument a stencil?

The Camp & Co. piano is now made by Camp & Co., a firm organized here in New York, as some say. It is otherwise asserted that it is really the second grade piano of the Estey Piano Company, and is partly constructed in that factory. However, it is now a legitimate piano, and has been made so through the efforts of this paper, which, to a great extent, forced Western jobbers of stencil pianos to become piano manufacturers to escape the odium of the stencil. The large Western business done by this paper is due without question to the recognition of this fact. The houses in Cincinnati and Chicago admit their obligations to this paper for its great battle of purification, for they all now stand greater and more dignified before the whole trade than they formerly did, and they have the Union before them to deal in instead of the circumscribed territory of the former days.

As the Camp & Co. piano is now a legitimate instrument it will no doubt be advertised in these columns in due time. The obligations of its sponsors are too great to us to be ignored, while the fact that this paper was the real power to drive the piano out of the horrible stencil atmosphere into the healthy air of legitimate manufacture must, of necessity, bear its own fruit.

Great Changes.

This discussion leads to a reflection upon the great changes produced by or caused by the depression in trade methods.

Before 1893 it would have been considered irregular for the Estey Piano Company to have a hand in the manufacture of the Camp & Co. piano. Now it is natural for the Estey Company to do this, for it is due to fundamental changes in trade methods. A large number of piano manufacturers make "seconds" and even "thirds" of pianos in grade and they name them differently. The Hardman house names its second "Standard"; the Emerson its second "Grammer"; the Kimball its second "Whitney," its third "Hinze"; the Fischer, its second "Franklin"; the Chase Brothers, its second "Hackley"; the Pease Company its second "Wilbur," and this piano is a great strike; the Bradbury its second "Webster," its third "Henning"; the Starr second is the "Richmond."

Long, long since the New England Piano Company called its second "Gilbert;" Newby & Evans call their second "Monroe;" House & Davis their second "Lexington;" Blasius their second "Albrecht." Malcolm Love will soon have a second. Sterling called its second "Huntington." The list can be made much longer if it were necessary to prove the radical transformation of trade methods by citing more instances. These will suffice to show that the "second" and even the "third" piano is an institu-

tion that has evidently come to stay. Its legitimacy is amply demonstrated by custom, which is the highest trade law.

To be interested, therefore, in the manufacture of Camp & Co. pianos is just as legitimate for the Estey Piano Company as it is in other cases for other piano manufacturers, and there is really no necessity for any firm to make an effort to escape this soft impeachment, as Richard Brinsley Sheridan would call it.

A Question of Utility.

Whether, however, it is judicious under any circumstances to make more than one grade of pianos in any factory is another and a totally different question, a question which has been pushed to the foreground by the aggressive literature of Geo. P. Bent, of Chicago. Mr. Bent claims that this new trade method cannot result successfully; that it is a mere temporary expedient; that time will prove that it cannot be made permanent as a trade principle, and that it will ultimately injure the higher grades of those firms that have identified themselves with it. Furthermore, that it will be a distinction to all houses who will refuse to go into it.

Mr. Bent's arguments are telling and effective, and not one piano manufacturer has, as yet, attempted to reply to him, which is prima facie evidence that the logic is unanswerable from the present point of view, the present being of course the experimental condition of the new problem. Probably that is really the cause of the lack of answer to Mr. Bent, the fact that the question is in its experimental stage.

The Stencil.

Under these prevailing changes the relations of the stencil piano to the legitimate piano must unquestionably be peculiarly affected. It will be difficult with all these names to distinguish in every instance when a piano is a stencil or not. It cannot be done with safety. With all these names and the prospect of constant additions, for there is no factory that need limit its names or its so-called grades, there is no possible means at hand to declare which names are stencils or not or to which classification the various so-called grades belong.

This will give the dealer an enormous opportunity to return with absolute impunity to the stencil bearing even his own name, for where is the limit of the manufacturer's propriety or right to arrange with any dealer to use the dealer's name?

In consequence of these new conditions gradually assuming form there must be a complete readjustment of policy and of principle. The old principle cannot apply to the new condition. The old stencil cannot apply to the new stencil. The old stencil fight does not pertain to the new stencil question, and we are therefore on the eve of new and interesting developments applying distinctly to the piano business of the future.

A. H. CASTLE, of Minneapolis, and R. C. Munger, of St. Paul, have taken hold of the Brambach piano, placed a good sized order, and will push this progressive instrument. Despite so much talk to the contrary, there is still some business in the country, and some dealers are left who are not despairing, but attending to business.

WEBER-WHEELOCK-STUYVE-SANT.

SOME of the creditors of the Weber-Wheelock-Stuyvesant combination, representing an amount in totals sufficiently large to influence successfully any plan they suggest, are in favor of dismissing the two trustees and relieving the one assignee, and permitting the three concerns to go on as if no interruption had ever taken place, the payments of the debts to be arranged subsequently on the basis of an extension. Their influence, as we say, would ensure the adoption of their plan were it not for obstacles which they as bankers and financiers are not equipped to appreciate because of their want of special knowledge in the piano field, and these obstacles are of varied kind.

The first is the relation of Albert Weber to the Weber Piano Company and the nature of the opposition to him inside and outside. The second is the possibility of his personal hostility and its effect upon those who could be approached to put capital in. The third is the condition of Mr. Wheelock's health. The fourth is the definite claim made by some of those who know all about the practical workings of the Weber and other piano concerns that no progress whatever could be made by arranging an extension, as that would not eliminate the indebtedness, and furthermore that even if the Weber house had no debts it would still require from \$300,000 to \$500,000 fresh capital to resuscitate its fallen fortunes, in addition to a management which could be depended upon to place the piano and the business on a proper footing based upon experience and knowledge.

It therefore seems doubtful that any practical progress can be made. The Smith & Nixon concern owes the Weber-Stuyvesant combination about \$18,000, which must now be made a loss for the present. Other losses have also been made, although quite a sum has been collected in April and thus far in May in dealers' notes receivable. This discounted paper is held by banks that merely credit it up to their individual claims, and while it reduces these it also reduces the general indebtedness. But it does not assist in bringing about a settlement.

The final hearing in the matter came up in court yesterday, but at the hour of going to press no news of the proceedings could be obtained.

MR. CRAWFORD CHENEY, of Comstock, Cheney & Co., Ivoryton, Conn., left this city on Monday night for Western points, his immediate destination being Chicago.

ON June 1 Mr. Geo. E. Bradnack will be transferred from the Ludden & Bates branch in Jacksonville, Fla., to the New York offices, and will be succeeded as manager by Mr. A. B. Campbell.

Mr. Jasperson Smith, treasurer of Ludden & Bates, is in Chicago.

CHAS. H. PARSONS, president of the Needham Piano and Organ Company, expects to sail for Europe about July 1, to be in attendance at the National Music Trades Exposition, London. There will be a display of Needham organs, some of which are being specially prepared for exhibition.

MR. LUDWIG CAVALLI, of Alfred Dolge & Son, was able to get out of the house and down to business Monday last. Mr. Cavalli was in the house a week with rheumatic gout and only walks with difficulty, using a cane. Withal he is as genial and sunny dispositioned as ever, although on a water diet à la Bismarck.

MR. HUGO SOHMER and family are now in Berlin, having left Paris late last week. Their visit to the French capital was an extremely enjoyable one, and Mr. Sohmer writes home that Paris greatly impressed him. His European wanderings will be extended, as he intends to visit the principal art and music centres.

THE Luxton & Black Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken the Æolian agency for that city, and has ordered a fine stock of instruments. The house will push them on the lines laid down, and which have proved so successful in New York. The public will be given frequent opportunities to hear the Æolian under the most favorable circumstances.

MR. FERDINAND MAYER writes from Munich that his European trip so far has proved even more enjoyable than he anticipated. His visit in Italy was especially enjoyable, and he is looking forward with the keenest expectations to the Wagner performances in Bayreuth. Mr. Mayer will not return to New York before the middle of August.

BUSINESS with the Lindeman & Sons Piano Company continues fair. The attractive pianos the firm is turning out have proved such good sellers that the company can look forward to getting its proportion of the trade throughout the summer. Mr. Norris, the traveling representative of the house, is on the road again after a successful trip in the West.

DEALERS cannot afford to pass by without careful examination the claims of the Shoninger pianos, some exceedingly handsome specimens of which are now on the market. The Shoninger has proved itself one of the easiest selling pianos on the market and also one of the most profitable, as it is always better than the manufacturers represent it. It is an eminently satisfactory instrument to sell and to buy.

IT is probable that either Mr. Edward P. Mason or Mr. Henry L. Mason, of the Mason & Hamlin Company, will sail for Europe this week, to visit the Continental representatives of the Mason & Hamlin organs.

Mr. John A. Norris, general traveling representative of the house, is in New York and will make this city his headquarters for the next three or four weeks.

THE trade should be very careful in discriminating between the two Martin concerns in Rochester, one of which, the Martin Piano Company, has recently gone into the hands of a receiver. The other is the long established and well-known retail firm of J. W. Martin & Brother, which has not in any manner whatsoever been connected with the Martin Piano Company; consequently the failure of that firm does not in the least affect the firm of J. W. Martin & Brother.

WITH an excellent plant, good workmen and all the available capital necessary for operating, the Chase Brothers Piano Company, of Muskegon, has also an admirable piano in the Hackley at a modest price, and if one should desire a still better one there is the Chase Brothers. No dealer can go astray in securing either of these instruments to place in his line, or the two would make a good assortment by themselves.

THE trade may expect a long stride forward this fall by some pianos. A piano like the Jewett, with a long and honorable record, modern in every respect, made by men expert in their knowledge of piano construction and anxious to turn out a piano worthy of their name, handled intelligently and vigorously and with an appreciation of trade opportunities, such a piano should, and undoubtedly will, cut no unimportant figure in the trade this next year. The Jewett is being handled and pushed by some of the most progressive and important houses in the country. They find it one of their most valuable and readiest selling pianos.

IT was reported last week in Brooklyn, L. I., G. N. Y., N. Y., U. S. A., that Freeborn Garretson Smith, of Bradbury, Webster, Henning, Rogers, and Leominster fame, was about to ride a bike from one of his 'steen stores in Brooklyn, L. I., G. N. Y., N. Y., U. S. A., to another in that now definite place, and that hereafter he will make his occasional rounds from his Flatbush factory to his Newark headquarters in green golf hose, kneebockers and a red, white and blue sweater. We don't believe it. It can't be true. Some one must have evolved the idea from the fact that Mr. Smith has gone, as is his custom, to the very front of the procession and opened a bike school in connection with one of his piano warerooms. Mr. Smith may change from a black hat to one of silvery gray; he may have his Prince Albert coat cut a little shorter for the summer; he may even permit his warm red necktie to change in gradual stages to a ministerial white choker. But Freeborn Garretson Smith a-biking—well anyhow it doesn't seem natural.

The Autoharp.

IN a flying trip, taking in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, Rudolf Dolge, of Alfred Dolge & Son, secured some substantial orders last week. He was enthusiastic over the Autoharp window display in the wareroom of E. F. Droop & Son in Washington. Mr. Dolge said it was the handsomest of anything of the kind he had ever seen.

The following article on the Autoharp was received from S. B. Kirtley, a music dealer of Columbia, Mo.:

A DEALER'S VIEWS ON THE AUTOHARP.

The Autoharp is certainly growing very fast in favor, both with the dealer and the purchasing public, and the outlook for a large increase in sales on this beautiful instrument during this year is very bright.

It is certainly the best advertised musical instrument ever brought before the American people. All the leading magazines have well written advertisements of the Autoharp each month.

This makes it a very easy instrument for the dealer to sell, as the public is constantly being informed by the manufacturers of the wonderful musical qualities of this instrument. The dealer should supplement this advertising by local advertisements in his own papers, stating that any of the Autoharps are for sale by him at the manufacturers' prices, from \$1.50 to \$150. I find that I greatly increase my sales of Autoharps by telling a customer that he can exchange it for any other instrument in stock if it does not give the pleasure anticipated. As it is a new instrument many take advantage of this offer and purchase. I find that not one in ten returns to make an exchange. I also tell them that if they buy a small Autoharp they can exchange it later for a large one if they desire. I also take other small instruments as part pay on Autoharps. The Autoharp is so satisfactory to sell that I resort to most any legitimate means to augment my sales.

The Autoharp is also well advertised in the trade papers, thus causing the jobber and retail dealer to buy, as the demand is increased by the manufacturer advertising to the consumer. This is the way to advertise an article both to the dealer and consumer. I do not believe that a great many manufacturers fully realize the great advantages that result from the constant advertising in the trade papers.

I know from experience that thousands of dealers use these advertisements in their local papers and also use them to great advantage in closing pending sales. Thus an advertisement in a trade paper is inserted in thousands of papers at the expense of the local dealer. Besides, the advertisement in the trade papers is a great help to the traveling man when he goes among the dealers, as they have already read of the improvements the house has made and do not have to be told everything by the traveling salesman. There are some things in favor of the Autoharp that the manufacturer has not advertised properly before the dealer, nor do I think he has brought it before the consumer in all of his many advertisements. I mean the many beautiful effects that can be had from the Autoharp by playing it with other instruments.

There is no instrument so well adapted for accompanying as the Autoharp, from the very fact that the chord bars giving the chord make it a real boon to the player, of whom no knowledge of music is required. All he has to do is to follow the figures and press the bar indicated by the same. Music has already been published for mandolin with Autoharp accompaniments, violin with Autoharp accompaniments, guitar with Autoharp accompaniments, two mandolins with Autoharp accompaniments, mandolin and guitar with Autoharp accompaniments, and many other beautiful combinations can be made with the Autoharp. It will well repay any music dealer to encourage in every possible way the use of the Autoharp in the numerous home concerts that are being constantly given in every town. Give them the free use of all the Autoharps they will use in the concerts and watch the results in your increased sales of this popular instrument. Very respectfully, S. B. KIRTLLEY, Music Dealer, Columbia, Mo.

Behr Brothers' Prospects.

THERE is every indication that this year is going to be one of the most important in the business life of Behr Brothers & Co. The trade situation has been most carefully studied from the most advantageous points by the members of that firm, and they are fully alive to the demands of the trade and the possibilities offered. As a matter of fact Behr Brothers & Co. are more closely in touch with the trade at large than most manufacturing houses, and more than most people understand.

The men comprising the firm have gone to the first principles of mercantile success, one of which is knowing the demands of the market it is intended to supply and being prepared to meet the various changes in that demand.

They have found out that there is a field, and a wide one, for a good piano, modern in respect of appearance and musical qualities, an instrument that will influence the best class of trade, that can be relied upon by the dealer handling it, and that will bring reputation as well as profit to that dealer.

They have such a piano in the Behr Brothers, and they are putting into operation well conceived plans for a vigorous campaign in the trade. The campaign has already begun. New connections are being made. Dealers are pushing the Behr Brothers pianos more vigorously than ever before, and their efforts are being supplemented by the vigorous policy of the firm.

The Behr Brothers piano has an excellent opportunity this year to make one of the finest business and artistic records of any on the market.

—Ruckstuhl Brothers, of Rutherford, N. J., have opened a branch house in Passaic.

—George G. Foster, of Rochester; Daniel F. Treacy, of New York, and Frank H. King, of the Wisner piano, were in Cincinnati last week. The latter parties were also in Cleveland.

—Mr. Henry Holtkamp, the St. Mary's (Ohio) dealer, has just removed to his new building 144 East Spring street, one of the handsomest and most capacious structures in the city. Mr. Holtkamp has been in the music trade since 1878 and has built up a fine and lucrative business.

The Staib Actions.

IF a manufacturer of pianos orders a sample set of the Staib actions, made by the Staib Piano Action Manufacturing Company, at 134th street and Brook avenue, he may depend upon it that the sample will be as well finished in workmanship as every other set which may be ordered from the sample. It is an invariable rule of this young concern to make every set of actions as near perfect as new machinery and painstaking workmen can accomplish, and this fact is commented on by all who are using their goods.

Mr. Doll Forecloses.

IF anyone wants property in New York here is a chance. Mr. Doll, acting under foreclosure proceedings, is to dispose of the following property through public auction on May 26 at the New York Real Estate Salesrooms, No. 111 Broadway.

The description of the property follows:

All that certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in the city of New York, on the northerly side of East Twenty-ninth street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the northerly side of East Twenty-ninth street, distant 100 feet easterly from the northeasterly corner of First avenue and Twenty-ninth street; running thence northerly parallel with First avenue and part of the way through a party wall about 73 feet and 9 inches; thence easterly and parallel with East Twenty-ninth street 33 feet; thence southerly and parallel with First avenue and part of the way through a party wall 73 feet and 9 inches to the northerly side of East Twenty-ninth street; and thence westerly along the same 30 feet to the place of beginning.—Dated New York city, April 26, 1896.

A Strong Indorsement.

FELIX KRAEMER, the general representative of the celebrated piano manufactory of Kranich & Bach, of New York, has arrived in the city, and is stopping at the Iturbide Hotel.

Messrs. E. Heuer & Co. are the general agents for Mexico of these renowned pianos, and have already placed some of the beautiful grand pianos here in the city and other parts of the republic.

The firm of Kranich & Bach are one of the representatives of that class of piano manufacturers who really established the standing of the trade among the great American industries.

They are one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the trade, and their wonderful, lasting and durable instruments are used the globe over by the artistic and music loving world.

Gonzalo Nuñez, who some time ago gave a series of concerts through this republic, addressed the following letter to Messrs. E. Heuer & Co., this city:

NEW YORK, September 5
MY DEAR MR. HEUER—I have great satisfaction in recommending to your favorable notice the excellent pianos made by Messrs. Kranich & Bach, of New York city. In my estimation their instruments are as beautifully and carefully constructed as any in the United States.

You are at liberty to publish this opinion throughout the city of Mexico and elsewhere if you so desire. I take great pleasure in recommending them.

Your affectionate friend, (Signed) GONZALO NUÑEZ.
—The Mexican Herald.

Fischer.

AMONG the notable trade events of the comparatively near future will be one that will carry an extraordinary amount of conviction regarding the long and brilliant record of one of the leading houses in the trade, its progressiveness, and by deduction the prospects for its future. We refer to the production of their 100,000th piano by Messrs. J. & C. Fischer.

The date for its entry has not been announced, nor has there been made public the plan for celebrating so momentous an event in the history of the house, but the 100,000th Fischer piano will undoubtedly be a feature of the near future, and without doubt it will be appropriately celebrated.

That piano, when it makes its appearance, will be an indisputable evidence of the advance in the Fischer product; it will necessarily invite the closest criticism and comparison. It will, as well, stamp the house of Fischer as leading in the production of pianos.

A consideration in advance of this piano that is to be naturally embraces a consideration of the factors that have made the production of 100,000 pianos possible, the resources, the knowledge of piano construction, the business ability shown alike in their production and distribution. All these factors are correlated, they are interwoven and linked together to make the whole which the house of J. & C. Fischer is and represents to-day. This question of record is one not lightly to be passed over. The maintenance of a business of such magnitude merits the most careful consideration in these days of ephemeral undertakings. The effect on the trade as a whole of such a house is practically incalculable; what the trade owes it cannot be estimated.

The house of Fischer stands to-day as one of the representative and strongest of American piano houses, the Fischer piano a representative American piano. The history

of the house is in a great measure the history of the American piano trade, with the progress of which it has kept a steady step. The Fischer piano, a modern work of art, a musical instrument of spotless and the widest reputation, has been no less a factor than the house itself in making trade history.

For that reason alone, if for no other, the production of the 100,000th Fischer piano will be an event of more than ordinary interest to the trade, as well as to the house of Fischer.

Fort Wayne Business.

THE past few weeks have proved especially good for the Fort Wayne Organ Company in both their organ and piano departments. The organ business in this country has so far this year shown a steady increase over that of the corresponding period of last. In addition to their other export trade they have just completed a deal with one of the largest houses on the South American coast with the largest order they have ever sent into that country. They have also recently received a cable from South Africa for 12 organs.

The piano business is proving equally satisfactory, the Packard piano having evidently made a hit in the trade.

The house has been obliged to constantly add to its piano force since the Packard has been put on the market, and pianos are being shipped as fast as they can be put out.

The Fort Wayne Company is preparing for a still further increase in its product, the business for the past few months justifying them in this determination.

McArthur Music House Assigns.

THE McArthur Music House, Knoxville, Tenn., has assigned without preferences. The word of this failure comes by wire just at the time of going to press, and without any statement of assets and liabilities. The failure of Smith & Nixon is assigned as the cause of the McArthur collapse.

The new Knoxville house of F. E. McArthur & Sons is not in any way affected by this failure.

Mr. Wm. Steinway at the German Press Club.

SOME time ago the German Press Club purchased the house 21 City Hall place and commenced extensive alterations to make it into a suitable club house. After considerable delay the works were completed and the club house was formally opened on May 9, when a large number of members and friends of the club assembled. Among them were Comptroller Fitch, E. Lauterbach, Judge C. F. MacLean, Ex-Judge Joseph Koch, Pastor N. Bjerring, the Austrian Vice-Consul Otto P. Eberhard, A. B. de Freese and others. At 6 P. M. the architect, Carl F. Eisenach, handed over the key to President C. Max Loth, who then made the opening address, to which H. H. von Mellenstein, as chairman of the house committee, responded.

As soon as he had ended, Mr. William Steinway arose amid deafening cheering and delivered the following speech, which was repeatedly interrupted by loud applause:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS—In compliance with your invitation I have come here to-day to wish all prosperity to the club of which I am an honorary member, for which I have the highest regard, and in which every German in New York ought to take an interest. Before I proceed further with my remarks I may tell you that this is the second time in my life that I have participated in a festival in City Hall place. The first took place a long time ago, 45 years ago. I was then a stout lad of 15 and had been induced by my elder brother to join a German singing society which was then established just opposite your house. At the beginning I was placed as first bass, but finally landed as first tenor, and for 23 years sang the tenor solo in the German Liederkreis concerts, to subside later on, when the tenor became somewhat rickety, to making the after dinner speeches in that vocal and other societies.

I rejoice with you in your possession of this comfortable, beautiful home. You have to work hard with your minds at full tension day and night. The great public has no idea what it means to produce a journal at night in order that it may read all the news over its coffee in the morning. I have so many friends in the press that I understand this, and also that unfortunately you are very poorly remunerated for the laborious work, the talent, the tact, the skill, the knowledge you display.

I thank you—I am sure with the full assent of all Germans in this city—that you have never allowed yourselves to be appalled by the difficulties that arose in your path. You have made great progress. Few men have had such opportunities as I have to judge of the beneficial influence of the German press in this country. When I came here with my parents in 1860 my father and mother were advanced in years; they knew no English. My father was a good citizen, a liberal man; he prospered, and could intelligently discharge his duties as citizen. Whom had he to thank for that? The even then excellent German press. Years ago, while I was still at the bench, I learned the great benefits of a good German press. Take the case of a German couple arriving here. They look out for a German tenement house and German employers and German fellow employees. In the course of time they are blessed with children. The father is at work all day, the mother is busy with her housekeeping, and the children are left almost to themselves. They hear only English in the streets, and the holy bond of sympathy is weakened when the parents speak to their children in German and the children answer in English.

At the risk of being called sentimental, I say that no one has observed more closely than I what a strong bond of union the Ger-

man press is between German parents and children born here. Everything that can in any way raise the reputation and power of the German press ought to be supported zealously by every German, and in this sense I say, may a blessing rest on your undertaking! You, my friends, have not only founded a home where you can eat, drink and enjoy yourselves; you have also made a home for the heroes of the pen, the knights of intellect, and I shall take the liberty of visiting it often. [Applause.] For your undertaking I shall always keep a warm heart and an open hand, and as long as William Steinway lives you will have a true, devoted friend.

And now, my friends, may the German press grow and flourish, and I call on you for three cheers for the German press. *Sie lebe, hoch, hoch, hoch!*

Later on Mr. William Steinway, after dwelling on the excellent acoustic qualities of the lecture room, presented the German Press Club with a splendid new Steinway upright grand and fitted india rubber cover. The announcement of this was made by Dr. Friederich, of the *Swiss News*, and elicited a great outburst of enthusiasm and gratitude.

To Develop in the Future.

THERE are certain plans now under consideration, and which will be given publicity in due time if agreed upon, that will, when put into operation, work strongly to the advantage of one of the best pianos on the market to-day—the Hazelton. More than this with special reference to these plans cannot be said at the present time.

But there can be impressed again on the trade at large the desirability of the Hazelton as a leader and the advantages of dealing with a house of the reputation and strength of Hazelton Brothers. The Hazelton reputation as a piano of artistic qualities, a piano for cultivated musicians, was never higher than at the present time. Never before has the Hazelton piano offered so attractive an ensemble, so forceful a combination of musical qualities and artistic externals.

Trade conditions are such that there is a particularly promising future for a piano of Hazelton excellence, and it is fitting that the staunch old house of Hazelton Brothers, strong financially, high in the esteem of the trade, and with a piano of such superior qualities should take, advantage of the opportunities offered.

While these plans, as said before, have to do with some special cases of trade development, it is more than certain that this year will see a further advance of the Hazelton in the general music trade. It represents a combination of capital, reputation and high grade work that should make it one of the leaders in the business of 1896.

MR. GEO. J. DOWLING, the well-known traveler, has severed his connection with the Briggs Piano Company, and will seek rest and recreation in Europe. He expects to return to Boston by August 1. Mr. Dowling has worked faithfully and long, and will undoubtedly have the enjoyable holiday he deserves.

IT is understood that Albert M. Haines has been deposed from the presidency of the Haines corporation and William P. Haines elected to the place. This would appear like a victory for the latter, who was defeated in his suit for a receiver for his mother's property, the suit being directed principally against his brother, whom he charged with wasting the estate. The rapid changes in the Haines affairs and the plots and counterplots are beginning to assume an opera bouffe aspect.

In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors to New York the past week and callers at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

Frederick Engelhardt, Roth & Engelhardt, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Clayton F. Summy, Clayton F. Summy Company, Chicago.

J. B. Woodford, N. Stetson & Co., Philadelphia.

—The Kurtzmann & Co. retail piano warehouses in Buffalo are now open.

—Alex. Ross, of Allegheny, Pa., will establish a branch store in New Castle.

—Burglars entered the music store of P. S. Bogert, Wilkesbarre, Pa., a few nights ago, broke open a desk and secured 2 cents.

The Difference

BETWEEN
BEST and NONE BETTER.

For us to claim that the Roth & Engelhardt Actions are best of all would sound just as ridiculous as if our competitors made that claim for theirs; but when we say that there are none better than the Roth & Engelhardt we are repeating what our customers say and what we feel is true. Our work and use of the best materials prove this.

ROTH & ENGELHARDT,
Office: 114 Fifth Ave., New York.

OBITUARY.

James W. Currier.

JAMES W. CURRIER, one of the best known organ salesmen in the country, and for years connected with leading organ firms, died at his home in New Rochelle on Thursday last of pneumonia. Mr. Currier took an active part in a G. A. R. function a few days previous, at which he caught a severe cold that quickly developed into pneumonia.

Mr. Currier was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1837, where his father was a judge and a man of prominence. Young Currier received a good education, his musical abilities not being neglected, and until the breaking out of the war was connected with some prominent business houses. He enlisted and was with Gen. N. P. Banks in the Red River Expedition, which culminated with the capture of Port Hudson. He held the rank of first lieutenant.

After the war he was connected with a publishing house, making his entry into the music trade in 1865 as a salesman for the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company. In this line he quickly showed more than ordinary abilities and was sent to New York, being the first retail salesman that house placed in this city. He also made himself valuable in their publishing department and was also particularly effective in dealing with schools.

He continued with Mason & Hamlin until 1887, when he joined the forces of the Mason & Risch Vocalion Company, continuing with that house to a short time before his death. For them he traveled considerably, and was looked upon as a very valuable man.

Mr. Currier had an agreeable personality, was an expert organ salesman, and in his sphere did no inconsiderable work for music.

A widow and son and daughter survive him.

Wissner.

REPORTS from all of Mr. Otto Wissner's branches show that a fair amount of business is being done and the aggregate is pleasing to Mr. Wissner. He said:

"Of course I expect the usual dullness during the summer months, but I don't see any reason to predict that business will all go to pieces this year."

Mr. Wissner always does business in the summer months. It is easily understood when one consults his advertising files. He is a persistent advertiser; does not believe in letting up summer or winter, and it is a fact that his advertisements are in more papers more times than those of any other New York piano house. Wissner's retail business and its volume has been frequently commented upon, and in a measure his methods have been followed by dealers. Here it is in a nutshell: Advertise, advertise, advertise.

Handsome Behning Pianos.

THERE are now going through the factory of the Behning Piano Company some instruments that will surprise the Behning representatives, so attractive will they be in every respect. This applies to the musical qualities and the appearance.

The Behning Piano Company has been fortunate in securing some especially handsome mahogany, as well as oaks and other veneers, and the cases soon to be put on the market will be by far the most attractive the firm has put out.

There are improvements too in the scales. The greatest attention is being paid the finishing, and there have been alterations in case designs that make the present Behning pianos practically new styles. They will be ready sellers.

Haines Brothers' Factory Auction.

THE auction of the Haines Brothers' property was held at the rooms of the New York Real Estate Sales-room, No. 111 Broadway, this city, on Friday, on a claim for \$122,214 held by the Manhattan Life Insurance Company. The factory and ground brought \$50,000; six lots used by Haines Brothers for the storage of lumber brought \$5,000 \$3,800, \$3,600, \$3,300, \$3,200 and \$3,000 respectively. The aggregate is \$71,900, or \$50,314 below the claim of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, and leaving them to get a judgment for the balance against Haines Brothers. The second mortgage on factory premises is wiped out, leaving nothing for the merchandise creditors who held it except what they can get out of the machinery, which their mortgage covered in addition to factory and premises.

There is a movement on foot for the purchase of the factory by the merchandise creditors and to hold it so as to satisfy their claim. It is alleged that the premises can be divided into five factories and tenants put in at once. A five days' option at a certain figure is reported as being held by the man who is trying to manipulate the deal.

Some of the creditors seem to consider it unwise in pro-

ceeding that way, and a tendency to say "let it go" is apparent. Thus ends the Haines Brothers' factory as the Haines Brothers' property.

Weser Brothers.

F. H. PEATY, for many years the office man with Weser Brothers, 520 to 528 West Forty-second street, has gone to England for a three months' trip. Mr. Peaty has been in ill health for some time, and the trip abroad is in anticipation that the change and rest will prove beneficial.

Weser Brothers complain more of collections than of business.

There is always something interesting to dealers at the factory, a new style, some recently patented device adding a talking point to their instruments, or something from which benefit can be derived in selling their goods.

The Lawrence Organ Company Officers.

THE annual meeting of the Lawrence Organ Company, Easton, Pa., was held on the 15th inst., and the following officers were elected: W. J. Daub, president; Clinton Hilliard, vice-president; L. C. Bixler, treasurer and general manager. The board of directors consists of W. J. Daub, A. J. Odenwelder, J. P. Correll, W. R. Francisco, H. S. Cavanagh, E. H. Shawde and Clinton Hilliard.

F. G. Smith's Enterprise.

A GREAT many people in Brooklyn received the following invitation last week:

Freeborn G. Smith requests your presence at the formal opening of his Bradbury Music Palace and Cycle Academy, 1215, 1217 and 1219 Fulton street, Saturday evening, May 16, 1906. Music at 8 o'clock. Reception from 8 until 11.

The opening was a great success, and afforded thousands of people the chance of seeing beautiful piano warerooms, as well as indulging in all the delightful things Mr. F. G. Smith said and provided.

When it was announced that Mr. F. G. Smith had signed a lease of the premises 1215, 1217 and 1219 Fulton street and would turn the same into a Bradbury Palace of Music, everyone thought that he was about to give up his branch stores in Brooklyn and concentrate his Brooklyn strength in one enormous establishment. Not so, however. Mr. Smith has never been known to give up any enterprise that he once had fairly embarked upon; therein is his strength. It may take him a long time to study a move of large magnitude, but when he has concluded to do anything he does it.

The addition of Nos. 1215, 1217 and 1219 Fulton street gives him five different establishments on Fulton street. As he watches every branch and sees that it pays a profit the forewisdom of the man can be seen. He judges accurately of the future.

But in writing of Smith enterprise one must not forget that Mr. F. G. Smith, Jr., is a factor in this success. Quiet, modest and methodical, he is essentially a

STRICH & ZEIDLER NEW STYLE H.



THE above cut represents the new style H manufactured by Strich & Zeidler, New York. The design is pure Romanesque throughout. The columns of the upper frame are heavy and massive, with carved capitals. The trusses are double and to match. Pilaster, cheeks and truss are all in line. The fall is sliding and a new patent. One beautiful feature in this case is the desk panel, which is after a design of Alma Tadema.

Strich & Zeidler have several very handsome cases on the market, but they consider this the most elaborate and beautiful of all.

worker. While Mr. F. G. Smith makes moves with unerring accuracy and appears as the prime and in some cases the only factor in them, Mr. F. G. Smith, Jr., is the man who has helped to work out all the details. His splendid judgment is relied on, and he lifts much of the burden from the shoulders of Mr. Smith, Sr.

In this connection Mr. "Nate" M. Crosby must not be forgotten. As superintendent of agencies and in business counsel he has proved himself invaluable to Mr. F. G. Smith, and the latter is broad-minded enough to admit all these things.

Consolidated.

MR. H. PAUL MEHLIN, of Paul G. Mehlín & Sons, returned from Minneapolis last week after consummating the purchase by that firm of the manufacturing and selling rights of the Mehlín Piano Company in Minneapolis. This move has been expected for some time, and was, in fact, inevitable after the closing of the Minneapolis factory and the demonstration that that concern could not be made to pay.

By the arrangement just completed the entire Mehlín business will be directed from New York. Mr. Paul G. Mehlín and his son, Charles H. Mehlín, who have been connected with the Minneapolis factory, will take an active interest in the business here, strengthening the executive force and allowing Mr. H. Paul Mehlín to look still more closely after the wholesale business.

Braumuller.

THE Braumuller Company is making more than ordinary efforts in finishing its instruments so as to have them open to the severest scrutiny. The varnish work is fine and the outer appearance of the piano is artistic.

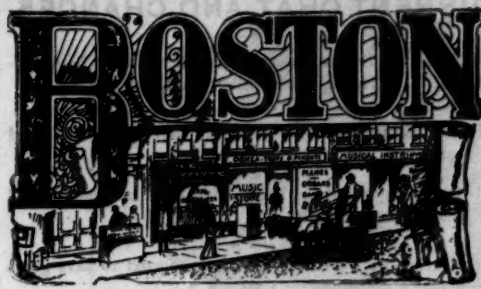
W. Little, who is pushing the Braumuller in Liberty, N. Y., was in town on Saturday and selected several of these instruments for stock. He has sold a number of them and is highly satisfied with their musical and durable qualities.

—Emil Schubertsmannsky, 55 years of age and formerly an employé in the house of Alfred Dolge & Son, this city, died at the Presbyterian Hospital, in this city, on Wednesday, May 13. He leaves a widow and son in Dresden, Germany.

HARD TIMES.

Yes, times are hard and pianos hard for dealers to sell. But the difficulty is lessened if a customer is offered an instrument handsomer in appearance and more superior in improvements than a competitor can do. We have the instrument and can prove it—only give us a chance to try.

BRAUMULLER COMPANY,
402-410 West 14th Street,
New York City.



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon Street, May 16, 1896.

THE committee appointed by the creditors of the Briggs Piano Company at the meeting held in the office of the assignee, Mr. C. B. Southard, on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, paid a visit to the Briggs factory on Tuesday afternoon.

The committee examined the books, looked over the factory, the stock, &c., talked with Mr. Briggs, Sr., and Mr. Briggs, Jr., and after a long, careful and exhaustive consideration of the situation made the following report:

"BOSTON, Mass., May 14, 1896.

"We were appointed a committee of investigation by the creditors of the Briggs Piano Company at a meeting held on Tuesday, the 12th inst.

"We have carefully examined the books and assets of the company. An offer to pay a dividend of 40 per cent. in cash to the creditors has been made to us, and we are ready to accept the same ourselves and recommend its acceptance by all of the creditors of the Briggs Piano Company.

"J. M. LOCKEY, Chairman.

"KARL FINK.

"OTTO WESSELL."

Copies of this report were sent to all the creditors and it is expected that this proposition will be accepted, as the feeling of the meeting was that the report of the committee would be taken as the basis of settlement. The majority of the creditors were present at the Tuesday morning meeting and they agreed to take whatever the committee advised.

The settlement of the affairs of the Briggs Piano Company will now proceed as rapidly as the law will allow, as soon as the answers from creditors to this proposition of 40 per cent. is received.

Mr. Karl Fink, who has been in Boston through the week, left for New York on Saturday afternoon on the fast 1 o'clock train over the New England Road.

Mr. John A. Norris, manager of the road business of the Mason & Hamlin Company, has just returned from the West, having been as far as the Pacific Coast. He will devote several weeks of his time now to the business of the Mason & Hamlin Company in New York city.

The business of the Vose & Sons Piano Company has been extremely good during the present week. There is no fault to be found with either the retail or wholesale trade.

The business of the Merrill Piano Company has been not only good, but it has been principally sales of pianos for cash, a most desirable condition of affairs.

Mr. F. W. Hale was so pleased with the large number of sales that he propounded the following conundrum:

Why is the Merrill piano like a drum major?
Because it leads the procession.

Mr. H. J. Raymore, of the Shaw Piano Company, Erie, Pa., is in town to-day.

Hon. Levi K. Fuller, of the Estey Organ Company, is still at Atlantic City, N. J.

SOUND MONEY: MONEY SOUNDS.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., May 16, 1896.

Dear Musical Courier:

I CAME out here for a rest because the place is nearer to Chicago than New York, and as I walked out of a cigar store into the street I overheard two men speaking to each other:

"Say, Dave," said one with red hair and a collar and notie to the other, "if you had something to do and you wanted to do nothing just now what would you do?"

"I'd go into the piano business," the other one replied.

That certainly startled me. I awaited their separation and at once strode up (strode up is so good) to the replier and asked him how he came to answer the question that way and he admitted he was a piano man. "I am not ashamed of it either; I used to sell pianos by the hundreds, but I had to get out of it." "Why?" said I. "Well, the firm whose pianos I used to sell went out of the business. They made hundreds of thousands of dollars out of us agents and after they had it all beautifully soaked away, and had us all committed to the claim that they made the finest piano, they slid out and left us in the ditch."

"That's sad," said I, "but what did all you agents do?"

"What could we do? We all made up our minds never to do it again; but then that's too late. We're too old anyhow to do it again, and they've got all the real, solid money there was in the game. Who are you?"

I presented my card. He knew me in two minutes and a half. "You used to travel for ——" "Yes," says I, "sold you goods. Did you ever pay for 'em?"

"Don't remember. But I am going to make pianos myself now. My boys are pretty well up now. They are not quite out of school, but I am not going to educate them much; I am going to make piano men out of them and not to boom any more pianos of other makes. Their own, Mr. Poccet; do you appreciate the hilarity of the diagnosis, sir? Their own. And if I cannot make them fast enough I am just going to buy them, and put my name on. My name; see? No more running a mill to make piano manufacturers rich, and then when they say tralala, see you later — in Europe, or — you know."

There was very little to say, except I could not really make out who he was all the time referring to. Suddenly, while I was in a green study, he banged me on the shoulder and asked me whether I knew where he could have a catalogue written, and I told him that was easy enough.

"Look here, Mr. Dillpie" (that is his last name), says I, "why don't you simply write to a half dozen piano manufacturers and get their catalogues, and then take their catalogues and out of all make or, as we would say, collaborate or elaborate your own?"

"Great McKinley Platt, I did," said he. "I got thirteen piano catalogues, and if you'll come down to my store I'll show them to you, and you'll find they're all alike."

I took the bet and sure enough he was right. They were nearly all identical. So I got up my courage and told him I had written a catalogue for a metallic coffin company of which a brother-in-law of mine was secretary, and I would try. Next day I brought it to him and he paid me like a man. It did not take long to set it up in type, and I hereby send you some extracts of proofs and ask you if there are not some original ideas in it.

Introduction of Catalogue.

Our firm consists of practical piano mechanics who have worked in all the leading factories of Europe and America and we have made a special study of acoustics. One member of our firm can tell the difference between a locomotive bell and a cow bell when he sees both next to each other even without hearing them. The other member who graduated from the Massachu-

setts Technological Hospital has stood near his teacher when the latter explained why a tuning fork should never be used in eating vanilla ice cream.

We warrant all the pianos we guarantee, and if the pianos do not turn out as we say it is not due to inherent defects of the varnish or glue, but because the parties are not able to pay for them and want us to take them back.

All styles are thoroughly explained in this catalogue, and we wish to say that the measurements will be found exact and correct. Our firm is very particular in this respect, and for many years past has been noted for this. We refer to our local banks and ministers.

It strikes me that this is a little out of the ordinary, and that readers will naturally become more interested than in the everyday catalogue. But I wish to continue. You will observe that I follow with a preface.

Preface.

With the exception of those parts which we make ourselves we purchase all the rest in the open market where all piano manufacturers buy their parts, but most of our improvements are patented, and on other pages will be found a list of our most valuable patents. A member of our house resides permanently in car stables, to secure all the dead horses as soon as they die, so as to gather the glue as fresh as it can be gotten. This partner of ours gets a large salary, most of which he spends in having his picture published in trade papers, so that he sees himself frequently on paper.

Another member of our house has built a log house for himself on rollers, and he can now readily follow the lumbermen as they cut clearings through the forests where we draw our lumber from. Formerly we had difficulty in following these rapid destroyers of virgin forests as they moved along cutting down mahogany, walnut, English oak and beech and birch trees—the wood of which we require by the thousands. Now, through an invention of our own, which we call logrolling, our firm merely rolls the house right along as the men fell the trees.

Of course people who read this catalogue think it an easy job to get up an original one, but just let them try their hands at it; they will find out what is the matter then. I follow then with a section on matters of interest.

Matters of Interest.

We have no salesmen on the road. They are very expensive, luxurious and are entirely too sweet on the ladies. Besides that, they get larger prices for our pianos than we generally get, which is unfair to our patrons, and usually they are liked better than we are. We do not make any efforts to make friends of our dealers, whereas salesmen do, and thereby get on a social footing with them, which places us at a disadvantage. All the benefit of this goes to our customers, because we save the salesman's salary.

Our actions are our own idea. We have just patented a grand action, and it requires a man of at least 300 pounds to move the jack. When a player starts in to repeat or play a thrill he must first exercise with a pair of Indian clubs, and then punch the bag an hour. We have our actions made in action factories, like most piano manufacturers, but we know really more about actions than the action manufacturer, and we wish it understood that our action is our own idea. The hammers on our upright pianos are all fastened to the rail by a wash cord, for otherwise they would move so fast that no pianist could control them. An ingenious third pedal manages them. No preliminary studies are necessary. After a key is struck the third pedal releases the hammer, and this at once strikes the strings put there for that purpose. They vibrate beautifully. We have them made specially for that purpose.

The advantage of such a point is that it at once explains to the reader what these various parts of a piano are really there for. I continue in the same strain further on.

The plate of our pianos, known as the iron frame because it has some iron in it, is cast in a foundry on which we have a mortgage. Hence we claim it is our own plate. This plate is full of holes, and, like most holes, they have their special functions. A soft saphyr tone passes through the proper register and this is laid out in the original pattern from which the plate is cast; as is also each place where a hole is. These can be seen by raising the top or taking off the upper or lower frames. They are made so that they can be visible to the naked eye to prove that there is no mere assertion in it.

Then we also supervise our own keyboards. The keys are divided into white and black keys, because this is custom. A white man invented the white keys and a colored man the black keys. We have the pictures of both of them. We continue the old tradition by having white men in our factory to make the white keys and black men to make the black ones, because they are used to it. There is no other piano factory run just that way. All our keys are of ivory. We have a contract with Barnum & Bailey's Circus to furnish us with new elephant tusks as quick as they grow. When you play on our pianos you may remember that as a child you may have fondled the very elephant whose tusks you are now practicing on.

This pathetic reference will have a great effect upon female purchasers. When I read it the other evening to the chambermaid on the floor of the hotel to test it she actually shed tears. It was the first time I had ever seen a chambermaid cry, but it shows that if a

* Of course I mean feet here, but this reads like thousands of trees. —M. T. POCSET.

THE Merrill Piano

HAS COME TO STAY.

118 Boylston Street,

BOSTON.

piano catalogue is properly gotten up it can produce the necessary effect. I could go on and send you other parts, but here is the warranty.

Warranty.

We hereby warrant No. — piano to be warranted by us. If this piano shows any defects after usage we will take it back, provided the purchaser will pay us the difference we ask between the price on it and the price of one of our new ones. We continue the warranty on the new one on the same basis.

If a purchaser of this piano will sell another piano of our make to a friend (or enemy) of his we will credit him with the commission or pay the same as soon as the other piano is paid for.

If the purchaser of this piano desires a good piano teacher we can recommend one, and we will guarantee the piano teacher.

If the purchaser puts this piano in a damp place it will be apt to get wet, and pianos should always be dry—but we warrant all the same.

This piano can be tuned in National or International pitch, but the latter comes higher on account of the duty.

I do not propose to send you more extracts from this catalogue, but will send you the catalogue itself as soon as it is out. I would like to advertise in your paper that I am in the market to write catalogues.

Just before I left Chicago I heard that a certain Eastern piano man walked into a public resort with a salesman friend of his, and the latter, without asking permission, at once proceeded to introduce the manufacturer to a trade editor who happened to be there. As the paper which this gentleman edits had been abusing this manufacturer personally he refused to be introduced, and everybody soon heard of it.

Now, I don't see anything strange about this. An editor who writes criticism on a man can expect to be snubbed, and yet it is no snub at all if his criticism was apt to cause rancor. So the editor is ahead even if he's snubbed. And as to the other man, he had a perfect right to refuse an introduction. He was no hypocrite. He knew that the man he was to be introduced to actually wrote the articles, because the actual editor of the paper cannot write; he cannot even spell correctly, and he never had a lesson in syntax in his life. He cannot even use the English language properly when he speaks.

Well, when this Eastern piano manufacturer was about to be introduced to the trade editor in question he knew all this anyhow, and he therefore knew that this man was the real offender—so far as it was considered an offense—and as a free American citizen from Boston he decided out of respect to his own judgment not to be introduced. Probably the editor now respects him more than he did. The piano manufacturer certainly deserves respect for not cringing. The man who made the bull in the case was the salesman, who should first have asked whether an introduction was agreeable.

I was on a trip recently and that is the reason you have not heard from me. I visited lots of small towns from 500 to 5,000 inhabitants and I heard from the dealers that a certain trade editor had been around getting \$5 and \$10 apiece out of the dealers and what do you think they are expecting for this? It is really funny. He learns the line of goods the dealer is handling. If the man handles the A piano and not the Chickering he promises to use his influence to get him the Chickering agency—bang \$10. He goes across the way and offers that dealer to use his influence to get him the Chicago Cottage agency—bang \$10. Then he goes to another and offers him the Kimball agency—bang \$10. In the next town he again lays low and watches and offers the Steinway agency to a dealer—bang \$10.

Out of small towns he gets \$10 to \$15 a day. He stays a couple of days in large towns and runs to an average of \$30 a day. Some of the dealers are laying up nights waiting for the agencies or pianos to come. Nice racket, isn't it? Of course the country dealer

thinks he has the right man before him, but if the editor should ever get back to those towns he will find lots of last winter's eggs put aside for use on him.

The beauty of all this is that the piano manufacturers are all made fools of. A mixture and mess of promises is made which never could be fulfilled; which are never intended to be fulfilled, and the little dealer is just so much out of pocket, for which he gets a ridiculous notice that usually puts him in a false light and hurts him unnecessarily. But I believe in keeping the game up. When the reaction of this most specious of frauds finally sets in there will be a howl from Jericho and the fun will begin. I am astonished you have not referred to this in your paper, for some of the dealers have told me that they have written to you about this.

I have interviewed exactly 196 piano men within a given period on the gold and silver question; all of them out West, where, as you know, I have been residing for many months. Of the 196, 16 were Eastern men and 180 Western. Here is my schedule:

Believers in single gold standard,	10
Believers in single silver standard,	10
Believers in bimetalism,	10
Believers in anything you told them,	166

Total, 196

This is actually so, but the beauty of it is that those who had a definite opinion, of which there were exactly 30, knew less about the subject than most of the 166. I took a poll of the 166 as I went along and I found that nearly each and every one would vote just as the party said; that is, nearly all belonged to a party. Of the total—196—four were independents, two were crazy Populist silverites who did not own their stores, one was a Prohibition wild silver man, one was a silver man who was not a Populist, but would vote the ticket of either of the two parties who would declare strongly for silver. This left 188. Of these two did not care enough to bother with voting, and, curious enough, both of these were bimetalists, but did not know what it meant. The balance, 186, were party men; six from the East, 79 were Democrats and 107 Republicans. Of the 107 Republicans not one will kick against any sound money platform of the St. Louis Convention and not one will kick against the nominee, no matter who it may be.

Yours truly, M. T. POCKET.

C. REINWARTH, PIANOFORTE STRINGS,

386 and 388 Second Avenue,
Between 22d and 23d Sts., NEW YORK.

CURRENT CHAT AND CHANGES.

Haselton & Dozier, dealers, of Athens, Ga., have dissolved. D. P. Haselton succeeds to the business.

Freund & Bernard, of Springfield, Ill., have dissolved partnership.

J. D. Resseque, of Saginaw, Mich., has been succeeded by J. D. Resseque & Son.

E. O. Fox, of Napoleon, Ohio, is reported to have given a real estate mortgage for \$200.

Fire in the piano store of Louis E. McClymore, 1220 West Ninth street, Cincinnati, on May 11, did \$1,500 damage to the stock. There is suspicion regarding the origin of the fire.

F. A. Langdon has opened warerooms in the Frank Building, Allegan, Mich.

W. H. Hayman & Co., who recently began business in Port Huron, Mich., are pushing the "Crown" pianos.

James Munn has opened a music store in Middletown, N. Y.

W. Boulton succeeds Panton & Co., in Vancouver, B. C.

W. D. Thayer and Charles Parmelee, trading under the name of W. D. Thayer & Co., have begun business in Middletown, Conn.

Geo. H. Osborne, of Very & Osborne, Wellsville, N. Y., committed suicide at the Hotel Broezel, Buffalo, last week. Cause unknown.

Mr. E. F. Greenwood, for some time past manager of the W. W. Kimball Company's Detroit branch, has resigned, and will resume his former position as general wholesale representative of the house. He has been succeeded by Mr. F. E. Rowe, formerly with Kohler & Chase, in San Francisco.

I. H. Kean has opened warerooms in Tacoma, Wash.,

People Who Know

The difference won't buy just any organ. If you have a real, particular class of customers better handle the Weaver Organ, then you will be sure to please them.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.,
YORK, PA.

HAMILTON S. GORDON,

189 Fifth Ave., New York,

—IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF—

Musical Instruments,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—

A complete line of Musical Instruments of every description.

Trimmings and Strings for all Instruments.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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and will handle the Chicago Cottage Organ Company's lines.

Mr. William F. Hasse, the stool, scarf and small goods dealer, of 115 East Fourteenth street, New York, will sail for Europe on June 19.

R. C. Spinks has succeeded Spinks & Bricker, Crockett, Tex.

Campbell & Glazier have begun business in Athens, Ohio.

Sohmer Style 7.



The above is a public favorite and one which the Sohmer representatives find a ready seller. It is the Sohmer Style 7, contains all the features that make the Sohmer pianos so attractive to the eye, has the fine Sohmer tone that never fails to delight musicians, and is cased in woods that for richness and beauty of figure leave nothing to be desired.

This is only one of a number of equally attractive Sohmer styles that enterprising dealers find most valuable pianos to handle.

Pease Business.

MR. JOHN D. PEASE, while he would not say that business was anything out of the ordinary, expressed himself as satisfied that the Pease Piano Company is doing its share of the business. This he demonstrated by showing the orders for the past few days. The figures were surprising.

The Pease piano, as the trade now well knows, is in a particularly comfortable position as regards distribution. It has a large number of the best representatives in the country, who push it at all times as one of the best pianos for the money and the market. These agents, or at least the majority, are so prominent in their respective localities that they naturally get the cream of the trade. The Western house of the Pease Piano Company has been doing a steadily increasing business. The Pease styles are modern, attractive and of a musical excellence that insures them the careful consideration of discriminating purchasers. This state of affairs, the continued good business of the house when there is a general wail of depression, the steadily increasing popularity of the Pease pianos, must be attributed to the foresight and business ability of the directing spirits of the house, as well as to their mechanical ability to turn out such good pianos.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER.
226 Wabash Avenue, May 16, 1906.

DULL? Yes, of course. Did you expect anything else this summer of 1896, and at the winding up point of panicky times, and the usual excitement consequent upon a campaign year? And it will be dull until such time as merchants, investors and manufacturers have reason to feel that business can be done on some kind of a sure foundation, so far as currency is concerned, and that can only be secured when the platforms of the two political parties have been declared and the respective nominees are known to be in sympathy with such declaration.

It is now known that trade in all the gold standard countries of the world, except our own, is in a far more prosperous condition than has obtained for years, and even the low prices of our main exporting products cannot explain away the existing depressions of our own country. Supply and demand always control these prices; when wheat is high there is usually a light crop, and when corn is low in price there is a superabundance of it. That is all there is to it. In the best of times corn has been as low as it has been in any recent times; it seems therefore folly to attribute the dullness to an inability of the farmer to purchase. He has usually about the same amount of surplus cash to spend. Things will adapt themselves to circumstances whenever there are any secure circumstances to be adapted to.

We have had panics before and we will have them again; we have also recovered from all former panics and we are sure to recover from this. We say this, not that it is not an axiom, but because people talk and act as though there was never to be any more "cakes and ale," and we wish to remind them of the probability.

There is no line of business that has not suffered from the same cause that the music business has suffered from, and those houses that have formerly done business in a businesslike way should certainly be in a condition to bridge over the bad times.

The music trade, which may be classed as one of the least necessary to existence, may therefore not expect to escape from the effects of our prolonged depression, and we have heard many express surprise at the comparatively few failures in it.

He Moves at Last.

Mr. J. L. Mahan, after trying the plan of having an office on the ground floor and warerooms on the sixth floor of the Auditorium for some years, has at last determined upon having a respectable representation in this city, and has secured the store on the southeast corner of Wabash avenue and Van Buren street and will occupy it as soon as it can be prepared.

Mr. Mahan long since discerned that the small room on

the ground floor was more of a detriment than a benefit, as the impression prevailed that it contained all the stock he carried. The only surprise is that he should not have moved before now.

Prepared to Pay a Dividend.

The Manufacturers Piano Company, under the receivership of Mr. Louis Dederick, is prepared to pay a good percentage of its indebtedness right now, and the probabilities are that it will distribute at least 20 per cent. in June. Mr. Dederick says the concern is likely to pay dollar for dollar to its creditors and leave something for its stockholders. This, however, is not unexpected, as this fact has been more than hinted at in these columns ever since the concern was forced into its present condition.

Another Concern.

It only shows that the city of Chicago is becoming more and more cosmopolitan and that one hardly knows his next door neighbor, as it has been these many years in New York, to be obliged to make the announcement that there is a small manufacturing concern here "by de north side" which is making pianos and rejoicing in the name of Kolby & Co., and that it has been in operation some time. Who those parties are no one seems to know; one thing is sure, they cannot have had any very large production.

Personals.

Mr. I. N. Hockett, from California, was in town, and left for his home in Los Angeles Wednesday evening. Mr. Hockett's health has been greatly benefited by his stay in California, and he may come East for the summer. He was never in business in Los Angeles, and there is nothing to keep him there except his own pleasure.

Mr. J. H. Ludden, the representative of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company for the State of New York, has been making a visit to the city. There is no particular significance to this fact; there are always moves to discuss which can be better done by an interview.

Mr. O. A. Kimball, of the Emerson Piano Company, of Boston, has been in town again. He is simply looking pleasant, as indeed he ought to, over their great good luck in securing a valuable lease and an elegant new store at the same time. And by the way, the Emerson company will likely take possession at once, as the old occupants are now moving their goods into their new store.

Mr. F. W. Teeple has gone South for a month's trip for his house.

Mr. C. H. Wagener, the European representative of Story & Clark, will soon return to this country, where he will remain for an indefinite period, his mission across the water having been thoroughly accomplished to the honor and profit of the house he represents.

Mr. H. H. Northrop, the buxom salesman with the Steger Company, is to be married next month. Somebody tells me the word buxom must only be used to describe a quality in a woman, but we fail to see why it is not equally applicable to a husky young fellow like Northrop. Our congratulations to him; "he's all right."

Mr. Daniel F. Treacy, of Davenport & Treacy, is in town looking up trade.

Mr. G. W. Bragg, of Middletown, Va., has been one of our trade visitors this week, of which there have been few.

—A jury before Judge Hunt, Tuesday decided that when one music dealer knocks another down in the way of trade the blow will cost \$301. That was the amount of damages awarded to Charles A. Bacon, who was knocked down by Louis F. Geissler on December 13. The encounter took place in Sherman & Clay's music store, of which Geissler is manager, and was caused by a difference of opinion over the agency of a patent music box.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

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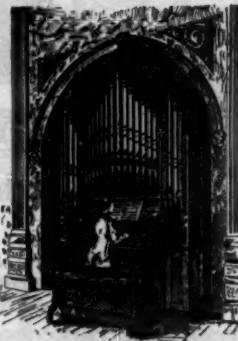
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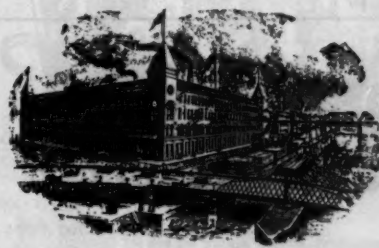
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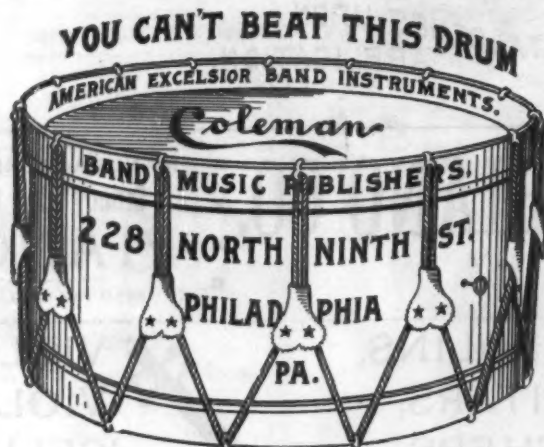
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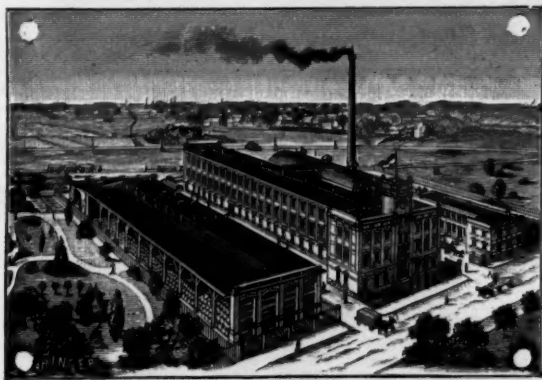
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